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## TABLE OF CONTENTS.


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| RECENT THEOLOGY, by A. W. BENN | 69 |
| MICHAEL FIELD'S "ATTILA," by E. D. A. MORSHEAD | 71 |
| DEAN HOLE'S LITTLE TOUR IN AMERICA, by the Rev. C. J. ROBINSON | 71 |
| MISS MACLEOD'S GAELIC TALES, by ERNEST RHYS | 72 |
| FRANK AND THE POLISH FRANKISTS, by W. R. MORFILL | 73 |
| NEW NOVELS, by FRANK RINDER | 74 |
| SOME BOOKS ON THE COLONIES | 75 |
| NOTES AND NEWS | 76 |
| THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES | 76 |
| UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS | 77 |
| ORIGINAL VERSE: "MOTTOES INSCRIBED TO G. F. WATTS," by Prof. WARR | 77 |
| MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS | 77 |
| THE ACADÉMIE FRANÇAISE, by CECIL NICHOLSON | 77 |
| CORRESPONDENCE— *Gutenberg-Corrigenda*, by Sir H. H. Howorth; *The Sin-Eater in Wales*, by Sidney Hartland; "*Friar*," "*Briar*," "*Choir*," by Dr. F. Chance | 78 |
| APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK | 79 |
| THE GLAGOLITIC ALPHABET, by Dr. ISAAC TAYLOR | 79 |
| CORRESPONDENCE— *Four Phœnician Inscriptions from Cyprus*, II., by the Rev. G. A. Cooke; *A Conjecture in Propertius*, by Prof. A. Palmer | 80 |
| SCIENCE NOTES | 80 |
| REPORTS OF SOCIETIES | 81 |
| OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, II., by CLAUDE PHILLIPS | 81 |
| NOTES ON ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY | 82 |
| THE "ANTIGONE" AT ATHENS | 83 |
| STAGE NOTES | 83 |
| MR. MACCUNN'S "JEANIE DEANS," by J. S. SHEDLOCK | 83 |
| MUSIC NOTES | 83 |



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## LITERATURE.

RECENT THEOLOGY.

*A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on Judges.* By George F. Moore. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.)

*A History of the Hebrews.* By R. Kittel. Vol. I. Translated by John Taylor, D.Lit. (Williams & Norgate.)

*Philosophy of Theism.* By A. C. Fraser. (Blackwoods.)

*The Christian Doctrine of Immortality.* By S. D. F. Salmond. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.)

UNDISTURBED by the barbarous noises that environ it, the higher criticism proceeds on its way with the calm authority of an inductive science, "by the known rules of ancient liberty." Prof. Moore, of Andover, follows up Canon Driver's volume on Deuteronomy with a commentary on Judges in the same series, marked by as great learning—it could not be greater—and perhaps by somewhat more freedom of expression. Prof. Moore seems to know everything that can be known about his subject. He has examined every word, every letter of the original text under the microscope. He has studied every old translation in every reading. He has listened to what Rabbinical learning has to say. He has sifted out from the innumerable guesses of explorers whatever could serve to identify the localities mentioned. He has unravelled and compared all the modern theories relating to the sources of the narrative and to the story of its composition. Weariest task of all, he has hunted up Prof. Sayce's missing references to "the monuments," sought for evidence of his assertions, and found it wanting. The primary result of this herculean labour is to confirm in its main outlines the reconstruction of Judges already effected by criticism, and laid before the English reader by Canon Driver in his *Introduction*. We have, first, a fragmentary account of the conquest of Canaan, quite inconsistent with that given in the Book of Joshua, and apparently much more authentic; then, a continuous narrative, made up of old heroic legends arranged in a didactic framework by a writer of the Deuteronomist school; then, two loose appendices, in the second of which the hand of the post-exilian Priestly narrator may be easily detected. Prof. Moore thinks that some of the pre-Deuteronomic stories may, like those of the Hexateuch, be split into sections due respectively to J and E—not necessarily the J and E of Genesis, but their continuators in the same style.

Should any sceptically conservative reader ask: How can Prof. Moore or anyone else know all this? I answer: Just as you, if you have the least knowledge of architecture, can tell at once on looking at some Italian church, that the façade is only half finished, that the chapels are in the baroque style, that the nave and aisles are late Gothic, the crypt Lombard, and the columns of the crypt Pagan. No doubt, in the case of buildings documentary evidence is often forthcoming; but the same conclusions would have been valid in its absence on the simple testimony of brick and stone, plus common sense. But as regards Judges, in one instance the desired evidence is actually forthcoming. Criticism has disinterred from this composite structure, like a fossil from a rock, but more living than any fossil, one document of supreme interest and value—the Song of Debórah, "the oldest extant monument of Hebrew literature." Its antiquity has indeed been denied by M. Maurice Vernes. But M. Vernes is rather an *a priori* theorist than a real critic; and neither his arguments against the authenticity of the Song, nor those of Seinecke, commend themselves to Prof. Moore (pp. 129 *sq.*), who looks on it as "the only contemporaneous monument of Hebrew history before the foundation of the kingdom" (p. 132), though not the work of Debórah herself. Now, this document gives us a version of the war and of the death of Sisera varying in more than one important particular from the prose narrative which precedes it. In the Song Sisera is himself Israel's chief enemy, not the lieutenant of Jabin, who belongs to a quite different story partially preserved in Joshua. In the Song Jael kills Sisera while he is occupied in drinking from a great bowl of milk, "with a blow that crushes in his skull" (p. 135); in the prose narrative more treacherously by driving a nail through his forehead while he is lying down asleep. What is much more important, the Song incidentally reckons Israel's military strength at forty thousand men, a number totally irreconcilable with the statistics of the Priestly narrative, and pointing also to a large subsequent incorporation of the indigenous Canaanite population, if the numbers of David's census are to be accepted; pointing also to a process of gradual infiltration rather than one of high-handed invasion and conquest. And, as Prof. Moore observes, since the Song ignores Judah, "it is hard to avoid the inference that the poet did not count it among the tribes of Israel" (p. 134, note); though how far this affects the credibility of Judges i. is a question which critics do not seem to have very satisfactorily probed.

Prof. Moore regards Gideon's three hundred men as the original amount of his army, corresponding to the small scale of warlike operations at that time, and the ephod which he made from the spoils as a veritable idol which nobody then thought it wrong to worship. From Jephthah's story we learn that "the reality and power of the national god of Moab were no more doubted by the old Israelites than those of Yahveh himself" (p. 294); while that Jephthah's vow involved the offering of a human victim to Yahveh is "as plain as words can make it" (p. 299). Our commentator, without maintaining the historical character of Samson's exploits, does not agree with those who resolve the hero into a solar myth, but thinks that, bearing a name akin to Shemesh the Sun, he would "attract and absorb elements of an originally mythical character, such as the foxes in the cornfields perhaps represent (p. 365, an appropriate number!).

It would, I think, be difficult to find a collection of stories evincing such a low moral tone as this book of Judges. From beginning to end it presents a picture of savage vindictiveness, sometimes accompanied by unrebuked treachery, and unrelieved by one gentle or generous trait. The conduct of the Levite who gives up his concubine to save himself (chap. xix.) is justly stigmatised as "quite as bad as the conduct of the mob in the street"; and Prof. Moore goes on to observe that "the ancient Hebrews were far from possessing the chivalrous feeling which we find among the old Arabs" (p. 418). All the more honour to the great prophets who afterwards set up so high an ethical standard!

Canon Cheyne, who introduces Prof. Kittel to the English public, occupies himself a much more advanced position than the German critic; but he seems to think that the "earnest desire of the latter not to deviate more than is absolutely necessary from tradition" will commend his work to the English public better than the adoption of more radical methods. I think this a mistake. After our countrymen—and, remembering Miss Julia Wedgwood, I may add our countrywomen—have been initiated by Robertson Smith into the higher criticism of the Old Testament under its most developed form, it will not help them to be thrown back on the position occupied by a belated disciple of Dillmann. Father Ignatius and his latest convert, Prof. Sayce, will be just as reluctant to accept Kittel's position as Wellhausen's; while to the scientific theologian it will seem much less logical. There is no need for me to go into details about Kittel's pleas for the pre-exilian origin of the Priestly Code and for the historical value of the patriarchal history, as I discussed them in the ACADEMY some years ago on the first appearance of his book, and a second reading has not altered my opinion of their weakness. The translation is, on the whole, very well done, but would be improved by a few corrections. Like other translators, Dr. Taylor seems sometimes to forget that a German mile is "as long as one can smoke a German pipe," or, more exactly, one-fifteenth of a degree of latitude, and therefore should not be simply rendered by the English word mile. But it is in the "History of Criticism" that one finds the most careless work. We have an historical standpoint described as "universally suggestive" (p. 44), where Kittel wrote, more intelligibly, "ungemein fruchtbar," "uncommonly," or "extraordinarily" suggestive. The famous "Grundschrift," known, I think, to English criticism as the Fundamental Document, here appears under the uncouth appellation

"Foundation Writing," which Hupfeld recognises as "supplemented by the Yahvist, otherwise, indeed, than Tuch and his friends, without the Levitical Law" (*ib.*). "Differing in this respect from Tuch" would be a more intelligible wording. It seems a clumsy way of expressing Graf's inference from the indissoluble connexion of the Elohistic History with the Elohistic Law, to describe it as being "not that the Law has been taken up by the History into the ancient time, but that on the contrary the History has been brought down by the Law into the post-exile period" (p. 45), instead of saying simply, if with less absolute literalness, "the antiquity of the Law is not proved by the antiquity of the History, but, on the contrary, the post-exilian date of the History is proved by the post-exilian date of the Law." According to the translation, Kleinert strove to displace Graf's fulcrum by assigning an early date —at latest the time of Samuel—to Deuteronomy; "Graf, on the other hand, having admitted that it was prior to the Foundation Writing" (p. 46). Now people are not generally said to admit what they contend for as the very gist of their case; and Kittel, as I understand him, means something quite different. His words are: "hingegen Graf das Zugeständniss der Prioritat des Deuteronomiums gegenüber der Grundschrift macht," which I take to mean, "while he [Kleinert] concedes to Graf the priority of Deuteronomy as compared with the Fundamental Document."

Returning to Edinburgh University as Gifford Lecturer sixty years after he first entered its precincts as a young student, Prof. Fraser proves that age has neither dimmed the brightness of his speculative vision, nor impaired the vigour of his style. But he seems to me more effective as an adverse critic than as a constructive theologian. His object in this first series of lectures is to compare and contrast Theism, or the belief in a personal God, with the rival positions of Materialism, Panegoism (better known as solipsism—the extreme form of subjective idealism), Pantheism, and Agnosticism. Defence and attack are carried on, as might be expected from the classic editor of Berkeley's works, mainly on Berkeleyan lines. Materialism may be cheerfully surrendered to his dissolving analysis, and subjective idealism may be fairly called on to choose between Pantheism and Agnosticism. But Prof. Fraser does not seem to me to cope successfully with either of the last-mentioned alternatives. He puts up Spinoza as the chief representative of Pantheism, whereas, in the present stage of thought, it would be much better represented by Hegel, or by one of his living English disciples. And even Spinoza is not fairly faced. After repeated perusals of the *Ethica*, I cannot admit that individual things figure in it as "illusions of the imagination" (p. 166). The maxim *omnis determinatio est negatio* does not support so sweeping an assertion. A thing's determination or limit is not the thing itself. I appeal to my reader to know whether he personally feels bound to choose between infinity and non-existence. Nor does Spinoza, as I understand him, affirm that "the finite can be only a negation of the Infinite, never a positive reality" (p. 167). He says on his very first page that one body is bounded by another, and one thought by another; and the whole drift of his ethical teaching is to identify goodness with reality. Again, although Spinoza over and over again identifies the attribute of extension with the procession of causes and effects, "the illusion of dynamical succession" is a phrase employed to describe his theory. I must also object to having modern Agnosticism characterised as "universal nescience." To know phenomena only may not be enough, but it is knowing a good deal. And the theist in his turn has to confess a necessary nescience. One of Mr. Sully's terrible little questioners would soon reduce him to silence. How does God know that there is anything but Himself? If He created all things it must have been at a certain definite moment, and why at one rather than at another? If He did not create matter (and this seems to be Prof. Fraser's opinion) we get something necessarily conceived as consisting of parts related to one another, which, according to the lecturer, implies intelligence, implies, that is to say, another God, and so on *ad infinitum*. It is significant that T. H. Green, who also worked his way to an eternal consciousness through the philosophy of perception, did not feel bound to invest it with personality.

Like Johnson's friend Dr. Adams, Dr. Salmond thinks that we have "proofs enough of immortality." According to him, Christianity has turned "a probability into a certainty" (p. 582). If he is right, it has also turned a source of possible hope into a revelation of despair. After a very careful examination of every passage in the Gospels and in the Apostolic literature bearing on this momentous question, he arrives at the conclusion that a number of human beings are doomed to suffer unending punishment in the future world. Prof. Salmond is no narrow literalist, no hide-bound traditionalist theologian. That he should be associated with Dr. Briggs in the editorship of the International Theological Library is a sufficient guarantee of his liberality; and his present volume gives evidence throughout of rare learning, honesty, and dialectical power. His appalling creed seems to have been imposed on him by irresistible authority, not indeed by the authority of the Christian Churches, although they are almost unanimous on this point, but by the authority of Scripture texts, the *ultima ratio* of orthodox Protestantism. It seems to me that, so far as this goes, Prof. Salmond has made out his case. Infinite ingenuity has been expended in order to extract some glimmer of hope for the damned from the reported words of Christ or from the written words of His Apostles, but in vain. Under the *ancien régime* Damiens was tortured for not more than one whole day before being put to death. Some theologians have hoped that their God would imitate at a vast distance the clemency of Louis XV., that after some ages of punishment He would liberate His creatures from their sufferings by annihilation, or rather that He would cease to keep them miraculously alive to be tormented. Prof. Salmond has proved that even so much mercy cannot be expected. The ferocious vindictiveness of ancient Israel was, like the Temple and its sacrifices, a shadow and type of things to be.

Clear and explicit are the threatenings of the Christian revelation. Clear and explicit also is the answer of philosophical morality. Punishment that exceeds the offence is unjust, or there is no such thing as justice. Punishment that is neither deterrent, nor preventive, nor reformatory is incompatible with beneficence. So much was already self-evident to Protagoras and Plato. A Christian of Prof. Salmond's type who calls his God just and beneficent must interpret words in a non-natural sense. Would it not be more consonant with human feeling, and as logical, to put another sense on the evangelical eschatology? In one respect it must be explained away. There is quite as good evidence for saying that Christ and the Apostles foretold the end of the world within a few years as that they preached the eternal damnation of the wicked. Eighteen centuries have dissipated the one dream, and should have dissipated the other.

But, says Prof. Salmond, there are alleviations. "The harrowing materialistic ideas of the pains of the lost which were natural to" other "times . . . form no part of the doctrine itself . . . it has to get the benefit of" our "humaner feelings," &c., &c. (p. 662). It cannot get the benefit of its own negation. You began with literalism and you must go on with it. You mentioned as one great blessing of Christianity that it promised a bodily resurrection (p. 584); and you must take along with it the curse of "materialistic" pains for the lost, which, in fact, are exactly what the Gospel announces. If others may not explain away the quantity of future torments, you must not explain away their quality.

It seems as if Dr. Salmond's clear firm brain at last began to reel with the coal-black wine of damnation. Hear how a Professor of Theology interprets his own document:

"Scripture gives no hint that either in ourselves or in our circumstances we shall be in a better position for good in the other world than in this. Christ's word in His great parable on the after-existence, 'If they hear not Moses and the prophets neither will they be persuaded if one rose from the dead,' speaks to the opposite effect" (p. 659).

It is the living who are here spoken of as incorrigible, not the souls in Hades. Prof. Salmond seems to confound *being* good with *doing* good. The rich man, who, by the way, seems to have been damned for not being a communist, showed in the midst of torment and despair a disinterested unselfish anxiety for the salvation of his brethren, of which I fear not every communist would be capable, and than which there is no clearer instance of goodness in the whole Bible. To avoid hurting the feelings of some among whom may be personal friends of my own, let me add that in my opinion this parable was never spoken by Christ. I take it to be a Pauline presentation of the substitution of the Gentiles, who before had fed on mere crumbs of doctrine, for

the unbelieving Jews in the privileged position of Abraham's family. It means that to preach the Resurrection to the Jews was useless, since the Law and the Prophets had not convinced them that Jesus was the Christ.

ALFRED W. BENN.

*Attila, my Attila!* A Play. By Michael Field. (Elkin Mathews.)

"LITTLE Honoria, whose yielding 'to the impulse of nature' Gibbon chronicles with such sympathy — a sympathy pregnant with the feelings of our age that was to follow—sought to give freedom to her womanhood by unwomanly audacities; and although the importunate desire 'to be herself' was fair and natural, its perversion was revenged by the blight with which Nature curses. To be vitally stirred, yet go blindly on the way of death; to be urged by Nature, and yet outrage her through very obedience, is a tragedy of tragedies, and one not remote. For Honoria is the New Woman of the fifth century; and to any who shall read her story in these pages the author says, as clearly as a certain Prologue when it declared:

'This man with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth moonshine,'

that 'this play presents irony.'"

With these curious words Michael Field concludes the short preface of this play. I must confess my ignorance whether the pitiful story of Honoria has ever been dramatised before; but those to whom Gibbon's account of her is familiar will recognise, I think, the dramatic capacity of the tale. An earlier dramatist would not have shrunk from presenting it as a storm of sexual passion with lightning flashes of poetry: a less daring writer would have softened it down to pure pathos of disappointment with "this dull pomp, the life of kings." Michael Field has just touched it in both kinds, but, in the main, with an eye on times "not remote," shows us new friends with old faces, and ironically exhibits "dreams and foiled desires." The Herodotean definition of the chief of sorrows—πολλὰ φρονέοντα μηδενὸς κρατέειν—might, with a change of gender, stand for the life-history of Honoria.

Admirers of Michael Field's work will not find here many of the imaginative touches that adorned "Canute the Great," nor of the depth of feeling that made *Long Ago* nearly achieve, in places, some part of its daring ambition. But yet, in spite of harsh modernisms—Honoria (p. 12) calls Valentinian "Val," and her lover Eugenius (p. 100) actually says, "I do this for your sake and . . . damn your mother!"—in spite, I say, of things like this, which belong to that modern conception of the New Woman which haunts the writer, there is a subtle skill in the presentment of Honoria not unworthy of Michael Field. Pleasant reading one can hardly call it. The inquisitiveness of Honoria, in her cross-examination of Marsa, in Act i., is certainly unlovely; and her courtship of Eugenius, who is a kind of cowardly and demoralised Joseph with a touch of romance in him, is crude. Infinitely better, to my mind, is her stormy devotion to the unknown Attila, a sort of brutal king of terror who is to emancipate her from the slavery of conventual life at Byzantium or palace etiquette at Ravenna. Of the other characters, Galla Placidia, the cold, unmotherly mother, and Satyrus, the Armenian chamberlain, who takes Honoria's ring and offer of herself to Attila, and is slain for doing so on his return, are far the most interesting.

That there are gems of poetry and forcibly dramatic speeches goes without saying. Of the latter, Honoria's welcome to Eugenius' birthday gift—a bunch of fresh roses—may serve as an example (p. 26). She is alone, and holds up the roses:

"A young man's gift! He gave them with his eyes
As well as with his hands: their odour pierces;
They shine with youth and water-drops and silver;
Their flush goes through me.
If there were no need
To learn the secrets of my womanhood
From matrons and from mothers; if this way
The roses take to open to the sun,
And to enjoy were right! I am beginning
To think all life is simple, and we want
No masters in it, if we will but live.
Only the courage seems impiety
For just a girl to dare to be herself.
The dear old gods were great enough to know
All that we have to give, all that we suffer:
I wish that I had lived in pagan times!
But even now will not youth answer youth?
This is so bold a course that I should like
To pray before I go on it: yet all
The Church has taught me seems to slip away."

There is a natural truth, a beauty, about some of that which goes far to redeem such ugly diction as, *e.g.*, Eugenius' speech on p. 40:

O damn the future! Do you call this love?
Why thrust me forward? I am not your bridegroom,
I never can be; leave me out of count,
If you regard my safety. Tell your mother
Of your condition, but of nothing else;
And she will see you through."

It is not merely that this vulgar slanginess is not literature at all, but that this same Eugenius, poor creature as he is, has a kind of soul, and can say (p. 52):

"Deeper far
Than any treason is the truth *I loved*;
It is my only truth, just as the leper's
One truth—he once was well."

It appears to me that the "irony," the modern reflection, the attempt to look at the fifth and nineteenth centuries at the same moment, do not suit with the best side of Michael Field's genius. Hence, in this play, that best side only shines out at intervals—as, *e.g.*, at the end of Act ii., where Honoria, sentenced to the conventual life, remembers her mother's words about her lost son (p. 11), and makes a final appeal for herself and the unborn child she is never to see:

"O mother, by the little silver coffin
In which your life is buried—save my child!"

Or again (p. 76), where she pleads with Theodosius to be true to his passion for the Greek girl Athenais:

"Dear Theodosius, do not let it pass,
This glory that is rising on your life,
Rising on hers; for love makes life so whole,
Fills up all hollow spaces, enters in
All gaps of solitude: it is the vigil,
The fasting, and the ecstacy in one."

Or again, with a different but most characteristic touch (p. 95):

"I can hear no sound . . .
I know the surface of the earth itself
Is being moved by Attila; I know
There are black ridges on the empire's verge."

Or lastly—though here Michael Field has to contend with the formidable rivalry of Mr. George Meredith, from whose poem this play takes its title—the narrative of the death of Attila (p. 106):

"He did not wake: they cried about the tent
Like wolves and jackals . . . . but he did not wake.
At last they caught the tent-skirt in their hands
And entered one by one. The bride was seated,
White, with malicious and abandoned eyes,
Nursing a laugh, her veil wrung round her chin,
And Attila lay prostrate in a mass
Of frozen blood."

It is an ugly picture, powerfully drawn; but it has not the wild and terrible fascination of Mr. Meredith's.

In lesser matters, I venture to note two things as calling for alteration. On p. 76 Honoria appears in the quaint form "Honoraria." On p. 103, the first sentence of the long stage-direction after l. 2 needs to be rewritten.

It has not seemed possible to me to praise this play as a whole, greatly as I admire many parts of it. It is in tragic emotion, not in irony, that Michael Field seems to me to be really strong. The capacity to present a heroine or a hero is weakened in contemplating a mere recurrent type like the New Woman, whose resolution "to be herself" is untouched by any heroic or womanly care as to what that self shall be.

E. D. A. MORSHEAD.

*A Little Tour in America.* By the Very Rev. S. Reynolds Hole, Dean of Rochester. (Edward Arnold.)

THIS is eminently a readable book; author and printer have combined to make it so. It is not the first fruit of the Dean's visit to the States, but we like it best. Naturally it is eulogistic. The treatment he received from the Americans, not only in New York but elsewhere, was uniformly gratifying. They were pleased with what he said, and he was pleased with what he saw, and the result was mutual satisfaction.

What took Dean Hole across the Atlantic was as much business as pleasure. Rochester Cathedral was in need of costly repairs, the treasury was empty, and the ordinary sources of supply were exhausted. So, like an earlier financier, he called on the New World to redress the adverse balance in the Old; and, mindful of Browning's lesson of "Date" and "Dabitur," and of the country in which he lived, appeared among his Transatlantic kinsmen not as a mendicant but as an entertainer.

It is no business of ours to inquire what were the pecuniary results of the "Little Tour," but the cheerfulness of the writer leads one to conclude that they were satisfactory. Other Deans in similar difficulties may be tempted to follow Dr. Hole's example; but unless they take with them a like

supply of wit, humour, tact, readiness of speech, and breadth of appreciation, they are likely enough to return with empty pockets. It was not to see an English dean but to listen to Dean Hole that people came together.

The "Little Tour" was, in the matter of mileage, a considerable one. It extended as far west as Colorado, and as far south as Virginia and Washington. Of course, Niagara was not left unvisited, and a trip to Toronto enabled the Dean to annex Canada to his field of operations. He assures us that, "so far as his information goes," America does not covet our possessions, "having, like other great landowners, quite as much on her own hands as she knows how to manage."

New York, as was natural, occupied much of the Dean's time and attention, and he has a good word for nearly everything which he there saw. The tokens of industry and enterprise with which the city abounds filled him with admiration.

"As a thing of beauty, a panorama picturesque to the eye, it cannot be compared with London or Paris, Edinburgh or Oxford; but there is a grander design than architect ever drew; a fairer sight than cloud-capped towers, and gorgeous palaces—man going forth to his work and to his labour until the evening, in obedience to the immutable law of his Maker, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt though eat bread.'"

This sight, however noble, is not peculiar to New York; and what struck the writer of these remarks more than anything else in the American capital was the eager, anxious look on nearly every face, while the distinctions between wealth and poverty seemed even greater than in the old country. The Dean assures us that "no one is more despised than the American or English millionaire, whose Bible is his banker's book, to whom worship is a bore, sorrow a nuisance, and poverty a crime." This testimony is not borne out by the great leaders of thought in America, who lament that there, as here, society is largely dominated by the many-dollared men. Everything, it must be admitted, is done to prevent "worship" (if that term be allowable) being regarded as "a bore." Indeed, we have never seen out of New York and Chicago such luxurious aids to devotion—carpeted aisles, cushioned pews, &c.—as the Episcopal churches provide. Within their walls "the man in vile raiment" rarely shows himself. But it is only fair to add that much is being done by all sorts of organisations for the poor and suffering, and that there is at least one church in New York—St. George's—which has not been made a house of merchandise.

Of American journalism Dean Hole has a good deal to say. He notes the great improvement in its tone since Charles Dickens held up to ridicule and contempt what he styled the "New York Sewer," the "New York Stabber," and such like specimens of civilised literature; but he is quite aware of the present deficiencies of the public press, and exposes them with much good-humoured banter. Certainly, very many of the journals exhibit deplorable taste in their mode of dealing with the sins and sufferings of humanity, and in some cases the advertising columns are simply disgraceful. An American bishop has not hesitated to speak of the Press generally as "the most venal thing in a country where all things are venal." This, of course, is far too sweeping; and in many, if not in most, of the town newspapers the leading articles are ably and fairly written, and good efforts are made to provide their readers with wholesome literature. The growth of journalism has been rapid. There are now in the United States 1855 daily and 14,077 weekly newspapers. Press work is well paid. On an average, managing-editors receive 5000 dollars a year—about the same as the bishops; but in New York the salaries are upon a much higher scale.

"The editor-in-chief has the same salary as the President of the United States, $50,000 per year; and others receive from $10,000 to $12,000, or more than members of the Cabinet; editorial writers (recurring to the average) $3500, equal to the salary of an Assistant Secretary of State at Washington, and more than the average salary of college presidents; city editors $2500, only a little less than the salary of a Secretary of Legation at one of the leading courts; news editors, copy readers, and space writers $1800, matching the pay of a captain in the army or a junior lieutenant in the navy; and reporters $1200, as much as the average income of those engaged in commerce."

It would, therefore, seem that the "Fourth Estate" is in America both prosperous and lucrative; of its powerful influence, both in stirring and allaying the passion of the nation, we have lately had sufficient evidence.

Dean Hole was fortunate in securing an interview with the President in his visit to Washington. He describes him as

"one of the most able, reliable, hard-working rulers of the world. . . . He looks the sort of man who would give all his mind and soul to those questions which seemed to him to be of chief importance to his nation; would study the statistics and weigh the evidence, and then would fearlessly act in accordance with his convictions, whether thwarted by friend or foe."

This estimate has since been confirmed by events which Dean Hole as little foresaw as any of our statesmen, but which add considerably to the value and importance of the book.

It is almost unnecessary to say that even in America the Dean's thoughts turned from time to time to his beloved roses. He devotes a chapter to the interests of what he calls "Rosarians" (he himself might be styled a Rosicrucian), and states, among other things, that roses are produced in the neighbourhood of New York during the winter months more successfully than in any other part of the world. One of the best forcing roses is the American Beauty (known in England as Madame Ferdinand Jamain), besides which La France, Niphetos, Safrano, and other less-known varieties succeed admirably. With the great florists, Mr. May, of New Jersey, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Barry, and others, he exchanged ideas; and states that the happiest hours he spent in America were those in which he was entertained by his brother florists in the Savoy Hotel.

We hope that enough has been said in proof of our opening statement that this volume is eminently readable. We can at least assure our author that he will not need the benevolent defence of the chairman of a Denver meeting, who, after a depressing address, assured the speaker that his discourse was "moving, soothing, and satisfying." When taken to task for having commended a dismal failure, he maintained that he had only stated simple facts, namely:

"that the lecture was 'moving,' because a large proportion of the audience fidgeted in their seats, and several left the room; it was 'soothing' because many fell asleep; and it was 'satisfying' because there was not a single person present who had not had quite enough."

For ourselves, we can only express the hope that these are far from being the last utterances of Dean Hole, and that the favourable impressions derived from his visit to the States may be deepened by repetition.

Charles J. Robinson.

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*The Sin-Eater, and Other Tales.* By Fiona Macleod. (Edinburgh: Patrick Geddes & Colleagues.)

Miss Macleod is the first writer who has tried natively to interpret the Gael, not of the Scottish Highlands, but of the Islands, to Southern readers; and for sheer originality, other qualities apart, her tales in this volume are as remarkable, perhaps, as anything we have had of the kind since Mr. Kipling appeared. They are so original: in fact, they treat of so strange a subject-matter and in so strange a way, that the unregenerate Saxon may find them at first a little difficult. On a further acquaintance, he will find that their local colour, their idiom, their whole method, combine to produce an effect which may be unaccustomed, but is therefore the more irresistible.

"Why," asks Miss Macleod in her dedicatory epistle to Mr. George Meredith—"why do I write these things? It is because I wish to say to you, and to all who may read this book, that in what I have said lies the secret of the Gael. The beauty of the world, the pathos of life, the gloom, the spiritual glamour: it is out of these, the heritance of the Gael, that I have wrought these tales."

This clearly commits the writer to the romantic method that we find preserved in all these tales, though they have here and there a touch of that realism which romance has never been entirely without — Celtic romance especially.

The first of them, "The Sin-Eater," is a capital example in its romantic kind. You feel, in reading it, that the tale-writer has not gone to her subject-matter as a purely disinterested agent. On the contrary, she brings her passionate predilections; instead of being disinterested, she is perfervidly interested; she goes prepared to find the things that count, Celtically speaking, and she finds them—the gloom, the spiritual glamour, and the rest. To-morrow, some New Realist will go over the same ground, and bring back his very different report of things as they really are, and tell us what queer kind of porridge he saw the Achannas

eat. But Miss Macleod, being to the manner born, writes from the inside, and not from the outside; is affected through her imagination, and not through her nerves; and is sometimes so carried away by her subject that she forgets how suburban the modern reader is apt to be, and how he likes his sea-lions caged and labelled, and his peat-smoke described in terms of Fleet-street.

Not only does she forget this: she deliberately does all she can to increase the sea terror, the wildness, and the Gaelic savour of her tales. "The Sin-Eater" begins with the wet wind and the sea mist of the western isles; and ends with the wild cry of the man Neil Ross, as he goes down in the "Black Eddy" that rushes between Skerry-Mohr and Skerry-Beag—"An eirig m' anama!" ("In ransom for my soul!") All through it one hears the sea-noises and feels the sea-wind, and the Sin-eater is treated in bold accord with such elemental circumstance. Half man, half myth, he is the scapegoat of the sea. He bears the sins of others, but with no scapegoat's innocence: therein lies the motive which is treated in this tale with so much force. At last he makes his sea-exit on a spar that is like the cross; nay, in the words of Aulay Macneill, who tells his end, "It *was* the cross he was on. I saw that thing with the fear upon me. Ah, poor drifting wreck that he was. *Judas on the Cross:* it was his *eric*."

Still more strange, and from an English point of view more simply and artistically constructed and written, is "The Dan-nan-Ron"—perhaps the finest thing in the book.

"'You know what is said in the isles about . . . about this or that man, who is under *gheasan*—who is spell-bound, . . . and . . . about the seals and . . . ?' says Marcus Achanna to Anne, the heroine of this strange tale.

"'They say that seals,' he repeated slowly; 'they say that seals are men under magic spells.'"

Here we have suggested a fine dramatic motive at the threshold of an old Gaelic folk-tale; and Miss Macleod uses her opportunity with singular control of the magic machinery of an uncanny subject. The figure of Gloom Achanna, who plays the tune of the Dan-nan-Ron on his *feadan* (an oaten-pipe or flute), is one not easily forgotten. He lives with unreal reality in one's mind; his wild tunes hold one's ear, though they are described with characteristic Celtic exaggeration by indirection, by colour instead of music, as *e.g.*:

"Again Gloom took up the *feadan*, and sent a few cold white notes floating through the hot room, breaking suddenly into the wild, fantastic opening air of the Dan-nan-Ron."

A few pages further, and we come upon Manus's song, which, with the description that follows, may be given as an instance of Miss Macleod's writing of both verse and prose:

"The tide was dark an' heavy with the burden that it bore,
I heard it talkin', whisperin', upon the weedy shore:
Each wave that stirred the seaweed was like a closing door,
'Tis closing doors they hear at last who hear no more, no more,
My grief,
No more!

* * * *

"The white sea-waves were wan and grey, its ashy lips before,
The yeast within its ravening mouth was red with streamy gore—
O red seaweed, O red sea-waves, O hollow, baffled roar,
Since one thou hast, O dark dim sea, why callest thou for more,
My grief,
For more?

"In the quiet moonlight the chant, with its long, slow cadences, sung as no other man in the Isles could sing it, sounded sweet and remote beyond words to tell. The glittering shine was upon the water of the haven, and moved in waving lines of fire along the stone ledges. Sometimes a fish rose, and split a ripple of pale gold; or a sea-nettle swam to the surface, and turned its blue or greenish globe of living jelly to the moon dazzle."

There is some excess of mere colour, it may be thought, in all this; but that, too, is very Celtic. And so throughout these tales; the manner of their telling, their idiom, their very mannerisms, only tend to increase their total effect. To quote again from their teller's singular opening epistle from Iona, addressed to him whom she calls "Prince of Celtdom": they have been written "as by one who repeats with curious insistence a haunting, familiar, yet ever wild and remote air, whose obscure meanings he would fain reiterate, interpret." It is only by insisting, as she does, with some romantic excess, on the vivid traits and idioms of the remote Gaelic folk she describes, that she brings home to us their speech, sentiment, and spirit of life, as the true interpreter may. She expressly disavows the documentary method at the start; she is subjective and interpretative to a degree; she is often so much moved by her own subject matter, that Heine's famous confession of overmuch sentiment in his *Buch le Grand* is apt to recur as one reads. Her tales, then, are not documentary; they reveal their writer's individuality, quite as much as the idiosyncrasy of the island Gael. But, just for this very reason, they provide as original an entertainment as we are likely to find in this lingering century, and they suggest a new romance as among the potential things in the century to come.

ERNEST RHYS.

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FRANK AND THE POLISH FRANKISTS.

*Frank i Frankiści Polscy (1726—1816).* Monografia Historyczna . . . przez Alexandra Kraushara. (Cracow.)

MR. ALEXANDER KRAUSHAR has long been known for a series of valuable contributions to Polish history, some of which have been already reviewed in the columns of the ACADEMY. By searching the archives of various cities in the course of his travels he has often been able to throw light upon obscure topics. In the present work he traces the career of a remarkable adventurer who founded a religious sect in the latter half of last century. This was the Polish Jew who went by the name of Joseph, Baron von Frank, and founded the sect of the Frankists. Owing to the extraordinary influence which this man possessed over his co-religionists, he persuaded a large number of them to be baptised as Christians, but to all appearance their Christianity was of a superficial character. In consequence of his assumption of something like Messianic functions, wealth speedily flowed into his coffers, so that he was able to hire of a petty German prince a large castle situated at Offenbach-on-the-Main. To this place his votaries flocked. He himself lived in almost regal pomp, and seems to have exercised patriarchal authority over his followers. Thus, on one occasion, when a woman wished to escape from the castle, she was triumphantly brought back by the satellites of Frank, and the prince declared that the police had no jurisdiction within the precincts of Frank's castle.

With the oriental tendencies of his race, we see Frank giving audience to his followers, squatting like a Turk on his divan, and dressed in gorgeous Ottoman array. It is the old story of visions and revelations which has been told from the days of Mohammed to those of Joe Smith. The pretensions of the fanatic increased with his success. He attempted to prove himself of royal birth, and repudiated his humble ancestors, who had been simple Jew pedlars. Whenever he appeared abroad he rode in a splendid carriage, attended by a brilliant band of satellites. His career was an extremely varied one. He had been for some time imprisoned by the Poles at Czenstochowo; but when the place was taken by the Russians during the wars of the partition, our hero was set at liberty. Afterwards we find him having an interview with the Emperor Joseph, who affected the society of mystics.

Frank's career of imposture, however, was to come to an end in 1791, when he died of an apoplectic stroke. The fact that their prophet could not escape the fate of ordinary mortals does not seem to have made any impression upon his votaries. His funeral was on the most splendid scale, and the representation of a crown was carried in the procession.

Frank's wife had pre-deceased him for some time, but we may say that "the business" was carried on by his daughter Eva. From papers printed by Mr. Kraushar we can see, however, that the spell was gradually being broken. The visions were melting into the air. The daughter began to find that the faithful were no longer so lavish in their supplies. She was, in fact, several times on the verge of bankruptcy. Finally, on her death, in 1816, the great establishment of the prophet at Offenbach was broken up. As far as we are aware, the votaries of Frank are now extinct. They left no successors. Mr. Kraushar has taken the trouble to glean what information he could in the town of Offenbach. Some of the older inhabitants have preserved traditions of the father and daughter, and the visit of the Emperor Alexander I. to the latter not long before her death is recorded.

It is well known that the Russian sovereign had a great tendency to mysticism, and during the latter part of his reign was under the influence of Mme. Krüdener, who died in Russia while on a journey to visit some colonies of Jews in the south of that country. The last Frankist (who sur-

vived till 1860) appears to have been a certain Franciszek Wiktor Zaleski, who, on account of his constantly wearing a green cloak, went among the inhabitants under the name of *der Grüne*. He appears to have written some plays; but to all questions addressed to him about Baron Frank he either observed silence or gave an evasive answer. It has been surmised that he had a hand in the redaction of some of the prophetic utterances of Frank. The castle which the Frankists once occupied has become a hotel. The princeling who rented it to the impostor, a certain Fürst von Isenburg, having joined Napoleon in his hostility to the Germans, and become a member of the Confederacy of the Rhine, at the Congress of Vienna was deprived of his possessions.

By the aid of many documents, which now see the light for the first time, Mr. Kraushar is able to reconstruct the history of this remarkable delusion. We sometimes find him in the notes challenging the statements of the late Dr. Graetz in his History of the Jews. We cannot wonder that the record of Frank and his doings has been neglected by Christian and Jewish authors alike, the former because they probably looked upon the conversion of him and his followers as more or less a sham; the latter because they despised them as renegades.

It only remains to add that Mr. Kraushar's work appears from the press of Messrs. Gebethner & Co., from which so many excellent publications have issued. It is furnished with two portraits of Frank and one of his famous daughter Eva, besides a facsimile. Moreover, there is the picture of the skull of Frank, which is in private hands, having been extracted from his grave when many bodies were removed from the old to the new cemetery at Offenbach. We must confess to a distaste for this ghoul-like interest in the dead. Let these poor reliques of mortality have their proper place in the grave. Even to this day the skull of Kochanowski, the famous Polish poet of the sixteenth century, is above ground. We ourselves have seen it in a museum.

We are afraid that Mr. Kraushar's work being in Polish will prevent its being read by many in England. We can only say that it is a source of pleasure to us to call attention to this carefully prepared book, and, indeed, to the quantity of excellent historical work which the Poles have been producing for some time. Their language, which boasts the culture of centuries, is in a very flourishing condition. The general reader who may become acquainted with Mr. Kraushar's book will only see in it another page added to the depressing records of human mendacity and credulity. But, in days when Theosophy can count its numerous votaries, we cannot venture to look with contempt upon the dreams and prophetic utterances of a Polish Jew of the last century.

W. R. Morfill.

NEW NOVELS.

*Silent Gods and Sun-Steeped Lands.* By R. W. Frazer. (Fisher Unwin.)

*Master Wilberforce.* By "Rita." (Hutchinson.)

*Like Stars that Fall.* By Geoffrey Mortimer. (Bertram Dobell.)

*For Love of Prue.* By Leslie Keith. (Innes.)

*The Education of Antonia.* By F. Emily Phillips. (Macmillans.)

*Kincaid's Widow.* By Sarah Tytler. (Smith Elder, & Co.)

*The Apotheosis of Mr. Tyrawley.* By E. L. Prescott. (Bentley.)

*Woman's Folly.* By Gemma Ferruggia. Translated by Helen Zimmern. (Heinemann.)

*When Wheat is Green.* By Jos. Wilton. Pseudonym Library. (Fisher Unwin.)

If for nothing else, the reading public are indebted to Mr. R. W. Frazer for a beautiful and eminently apt title — although juxtaposed it would have been still more pleasing to the ear. When I say that the seven stories contained in the book are worthy of place under this general heading, I say a great deal. It was no easy task, in the first place, to saturate the book with a sense of the almost endless sunshine, the parched earth, the thirst of man and beast, the monsoons and the hot winds of India. More difficult still was it to unfold in a few brief recitals some of the strange secrets of these Eastern peoples: to make the reader feel not only that they still cherish their rites, their superstitions, their hatreds, and their loves, but that these things are as the blood in the veins of the Brahman, the Hindu, and the Parsi—that they throb with every breath he draws, and cease to have power only when he dies. But in order that a book of this kind may prove acceptable, it is needful to convey much more than this. The ancient civilisation of India must be present as a background; the fierce hatreds that divide tribe from tribe, caste from caste; the shame of having to submit to a foreign yoke, and a hundred other elusive elements must be suggested. In a word, unless a book such as Mr. Frazer's has atmosphere, it must be written a failure. The author, however, has succeeded in permeating every page of *Silent Gods and Sun-Steeped Lands* with the spirit of India. The gods, no whisper of whose voice is heard by the ordinary European, are made to speak, their followers to obey; the undying hatreds are unmasked, the old rites are shown to live even now; and all this with a vividness and a force which can spring only out of an intimate and scholarly knowledge of history and of modern conditions in the East. Mr. Frazer sets the superstition of "The Tailless Tiger" in an imaginative episode which enhances greatly its appeal; he weaves a subtle spell, too, around other strange prejudices and beliefs in the weird tales of "The Cry from the River" and "The Wail of the Woman"; and the tragic death of Vasantasēnā, the Pearl of the Temple, at the hands of the chief priest, is told with insight and skill. "The Cloud Messenger," an adaptation from the well-known Sanskrit poem, *Mégha Dúta*, by Kalidasa, probably written about 56 B.C., reveals a wonder-world of exquisite imagery and untold richness: more than this, it has a profound philosophical significance, as, in greater or lesser degree, have all these tales. This rendering, though in prose, seems to have caught much more of the Eastern spirit than did the earlier translation, in verse, of H. H. Wilson. *Silent Gods and Sun-Steeped Lands*, in the main, is so good, that a word of criticism is all the more necessary. The punctuation throughout requires revision; indeed, the sense is frequently obscured, and the pleasure of reading materially lessened in consequence. Nor does Mr. Frazer appreciate the value of the brief sentence to brace the reader's thought and stimulate his attention; the very few short sentences which do occur in the book come as a great relief. The tendency, here intentional, to a prodigal employment of adjectives—to over-elaboration, in fact—also detracts from the effect of this fine effort. Reserve, and a scrupulous heed to matters in themselves small, but whose cumulative effect is considerable, are necessary to every work of art. The illustrations of Mr. A. D. McCormick have caught much of the weird charm of the text.

The intellectual and moral development that takes place during the plastic years of childhood has an ever-fresh interest, not for fathers and mothers only, but for every one who remembers something of the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears of youth, and how pathetically optimistic is the early outlook on life. "Rita," in her latest book, brings to the study of Master Wilberforce and his little companion much intellectual sympathy, and she has elected wisely to treat the subject with simplicity and directness. They are no ordinary children whose doings are here chronicled. The hero, born a "small, beefy specimen of humanity," soon shows that he has a perfect passion for inquiring into first causes, a passion which becomes emphasised from the night when he brings to the parental roof a stray gipsy child called Mehetabel. The manner in which these two young folk grow up side by side, naively discussing all sorts of questions from original sin to the utility of book-learning, the period of their separation, the renewal of their intimacy, and the knowledge, flashing on them in a moment, that they are something more to one another than pleasant companions—this and much more is told by "Rita" with considerable force and no little insight into the mysterious emotions of child-life. Master Wilberforce's father is the somewhat hackneyed man of science as delineated in fiction, but the mother is pleasantly portrayed. The book is written for grown up, rather than for young children.

Mr. Geoffrey Mortimer's second novel is on very different lines from *Tales from the Western Moors*. The scenes, for the most part, are laid in London, and the life depicted is that of the less well-to-do music-hall artistes: in fact, if the term music-hall be substituted for the first word of the title,

*Like Stars that Fall*, a true idea is gained of the drift of the story. Although the author in the opening pages of the book lacks facility of expression, he soon loses himself in his subject; and the vicissitudes inseparable from the side of Bohemian life with which he deals, wherein representatives of nearly every class of society are to be found, are drawn firmly and with knowledge. Indeed, sometimes the realistic method is carried to an extreme. The generous virtues and the more apparent vices of music-hall Bohemia are treated with skill; and the story, notwithstanding one or two conventional situations, is vigorously told. The Rev. Wilfred Kimpson, incumbent of St. Winifred's, City, whose large heart makes him beloved by the music-hall fraternity, bears a marked resemblance to a popular clergyman. Mr. Mortimer is a careful writer; and he should be on his guard against phrases such as "The beer bemused Joshua," and collocations like "A horrid dilemma."

The lady who writes under the pseudonym of Leslie Keith proves once more that she possesses not only a keen observation, but the power to reconstruct a pleasant story out of what she sees and hears. The central figure in *For Love of Prue* is a type of woman seldom encountered in fiction: indeed, in life she is a rare, although not a non-existent figure. Prue is actuated only by her sense of justice and her warm heart when she persists in showering kindness after kindness on the embittered nephew of her dead husband; she is sublimely unconscious that Frederick Chillingworth, who begins by distrusting and hating her, grows to love her as he has never loved before. She is equally unconscious of the heavy burden she lays upon him when, having rescued his drunken wife, from whom he had been separated, she urges him to return to that woman, and to try and make her happy; but, without so much as a word of reproach, Frederick Chillingworth does this thing for love of Prue. The second love-story, of Rosa Bower and John Campbell, to which equal if not greater prominence is given, has an accidental and not a vital connexion with the history of Prue; and, although it affords an opportunity for a fresh and breezy description of life on the isle of Scarra, the author has made a mistake in treating the two subjects in a single volume. What otherwise would be a good book leaves an unsatisfactory and blurred impression on the mind.

*The Education of Antonia* is treated by Miss F. Emily Phillips in a bulky volume of nearly five hundred pages. If it be a first book, it is full of promise, for that the author has literary ability is abundantly evident. The conversations, invariably bright, sometimes almost brilliant, are too long and numerous—many of them might be omitted without detriment either to the delineations of the characters or to the development of the plot. Certain obvious faults of construction mar really good effects; some sentences are involved without the excuse of adequate motive, while it would be well if the writer avoided the use of strange words, such as "plenishing" and "soulfulness." When Miss Phillips has learned of what vital importance it is to discard the unessential for the essential, we may expect a good novel from her pen. Notwithstanding the faults named, the interest in Antonia's career is thoroughly well sustained.

In *Kincaid's Widow* Sarah Tytler adds another to her already numerous successes. Readers who demand variety of events and rapidly changing scenes will be disappointed, for the author treats her subject in the leisurely, robust way well-fitted to the period of which she speaks. The incidents, few in point of number, take place at or near the Castle of Wedderburn, in a remote part of the Lothians, towards the end of the seventeenth century. The proud and arbitrary Lord Wedderburn, the "Leddy Mellins," his two elder daughters who inherit much of his asperity but little of his grandeur, charming little Ailie, and Kincaid's widow herself (the original of whom is to be found in *Fountainhall's Historical Notices*)—all are conceived and drawn in a manner worthy of high praise.

"Can a man who was born to go on the wrong side of the post—bred and trained to go on the wrong side, and has always taken a pride in going on the wrong side—have any hope at all of ever going straight?"

This is the problem which Mr. E. L. Prescott sets himself to solve in *The Apotheosis of Mr. Tyrawley*. In spite of many rebuffs, and the machinations of a stagey individual named John Paget, the hero of this story is enabled finally to give an affirmative answer to the question. The reader, if he is to enjoy the book, must not be too exigent about probabilities, and must permit himself to enter into the sentimental world here depicted. Jim Naylor, the costermonger, blunt, kind-hearted Dr. MacAdam, speak and act in a life-like way; the tone of the book is healthy throughout; but the scene wherein the rich uncle takes Mr. Tyrawley to his heart, and transfers much of his wealth to that reformed individual, might with advantage have been stripped of some of its melodramatic trappings.

In a brief preface to *Woman's Folly*, Mr. Edmund Gosse remarks that the author of that book, Gemma Ferruggia, "leaves George Egerton and Madame Sarah Grand panting far behind." In a sense, doubtless, this is true; but if the "mere man," as Mr. Gosse designated himself, is to be pulverised by efforts such as the one under consideration; if the movement towards a juster recognition of the claims of woman depend on books of the type of *Woman's Folly*, so much the worse for man and for woman. That the story is well and, in places, even powerfully written, cannot be denied; but the characters are sadly lacking in imaginative justice towards man, and the atmosphere is heavy with miasma. As typical of a phase of nineteenth-century unrest, *Woman's Folly* is interesting; and that is all. Miss Helen Zimmern, so far as can be judged, has fulfilled admirably the office of interpreter.

Why Jos. Wilton calls his book, which forms the fifty-first volume of the Pseudonym Library, *When Wheat is Green*, is a difficult question to answer. Several vivid pictures of rural life are to be found in the little work; but the author refuses to be bound by any principles of continuity—he commences one story and cheerfully passes to another without a hint as to the meaning of this rapid transition—and hence the book as a whole is unsatisfactory. Jos. Wilton, too, has an annoying way of expecting the reader to know intuitively what character is speaking, and sometimes this is no easy task.

FRANK RINDER.

## *SOME BOOKS ON THE COLONIES.*

*The Gold Mines of the Rand.* Being a Description of the Mining Industry of Witwatersrand, South African Republic. By Frederick H. Hatch and J. A. Chalmers. (Macmillans.) This is a highly technical work, which ought to be in the hands of a professional engineer. We feel it would be presumptuous to make any comments on the greater part of the book, except to say that to a lay mind it seems to be well and carefully composed, and that the plans which illustrate the system of mining in the Witwatersrand goldfields are clear and delicately drawn. These deposits, we are told, were first discovered by a man named Arnold in 1885; by the end of that year mining had begun. During the succeeding year the outcrop of the conglomerate beds was traced and found to be auriferous for many miles, many farms were proclaimed as public diggings, and Johannesburg was founded. In the year 1887 coal was discovered at Boksburg, in the near neighbourhood of the diggings, which led to the opening of several collieries. This discovery is of immense importance to the success of mining operations in what is called the Rand goldfields. Some tables furnished by the authors show the vast expansion in the revenue of the Transvaal since the discovery and development of the goldfields. In 1884 the revenue of that State was £161,595; ten years later (1894), it had risen to £2,247,728. The quantity of gold produced is stated to amount to over one-fifth of the total production of the world in 1894, the money value of the total gold production of the Transvaal for that year having amounted to the sum of £7,800,000. The authors complain of the hindrances thrown in the way of the miners by the exactions of the Boer Government, and there can be no doubt that there was ample room for complaint. We have yet to see how much the gold-miners will gain from the changes which must follow Dr. Jameson's raid; but in all speculations on the future the astuteness and tenacity of purpose of the Boers must be taken into account.

*The Sister Dominions.* Through Canada to Australia by the New Imperial Highway. By James Francis Hogan, M.P. (Ward & Downey.) The new "imperial highway" is the Canadian Pacific Railway and the line of steamers that Mr. James Huddart has established between Vancouver and Sydney. The Government of the Dominion of Canada has guaranteed Mr. Huddart a subsidy of £150,000 per annum for ten years to enable him to establish a fast line of steamers on the Atlantic as well as the Pacific, so that when this line is in working order there will be a swift mail and passenger service between the mother country and her Australian possessions, without touching an inch of foreign soil, or losing for an instant its distinctively and essentially Imperial stamp or character. Mr. Hogan, who takes the reader through Canada to Honolulu, Fiji, Sydney, and Melbourne, has produced a pleasant book, easily written and full of

information. He heads a chapter on Melbourne "A City of Fallen Greatness"; and unless there be some exaggeration, the decay of that capital is indeed deplorable:

"The collapse observable on every side is both painful and phenomenal. Stagnation, depression, despair, are the three words that sum up the sadly altered situation in Melbourne. The loss of population is something enormous. An exodus of sixty thousand souls during the past eighteen months is officially acknowledged, but this estimate falls considerably short of the reality. Judging from the immense number of closed shops and untenanted houses that I witnessed during a systematic tour of the suburbs, some figure between 100,000 and 150,000 would more correctly represent the astounding decrease of the population of Melbourne - that is to say, practically a third of the inhabitants of the metropolitan area has disappeared. Suburban streets that I remembered as crowded and busy lines of industry are now simply long rows of silent, unoccupied, and dilapidated shops. . . . . Tenants are everywhere masters of the situation Rent is a mere courtesy to owners, who are glad to accept whatever tenants care to offer. In most of the outlying suburbs rent is a disestablished institution, owners being only too happy to have respectable people occupying houses in the capacity of caretakers until the arrival of better times, for they know the fate that has overtaken a host of the unoccupied houses of Melbourne—wreck, mutilation, and the carrying away of everything portable."

Mr. Hogan's account of the land boom is profitable reading, and he tells us that there is not a single man to be found in Melbourne who has profited by it. The corruption of the Government of Victoria has, however, benefited, or, perhaps we should say, created a large class whose interest it is to resist any financial reform—namely, public employés. A careful calculation shows that, on the average, one person out of every twenty in Victoria is in receipt of Government money; and so thoroughly and systematically organised is the large body of public servants that they are practically the masters while nominally servants, and undisguisedly control the fate of Ministers and Ministries. He tells us that at the last general election the Government of Sir James Patterson was defeated and overthrown avowedly by the votes and political influence of the public servants, because Sir James had made stern and rigorous retrenchment in the Civil Service a cardinal feature of his policy. Mr. Hogan gives a final thrust at his city of fallen greatness by writing "Melbourne is a shocking example of protection run mad."

*British Guiana and its Resources.* By the Author of "Sardinia and its Resources." (George Philip & Son.) This little book of one hundred pages is very slight, but, so far as it goes, businesslike. Although the author is not hopeless as to the future of sugar, he undoubtedly considers gold-mining to be the greatest and most promising of the industries of British Guiana. He gives an official table showing the great increase in the production of gold since the year 1884, when only 250 ounces were obtained. From this small beginning the production increased so rapidly that in 1893 the Government return gives 138,527 ounces as the weight of gold produced. In no country are the mining laws so favourable to prospectors as in British Guiana: on the other hand, the climate is very unhealthy and labour a difficulty. We are glad to learn that some check has been placed by law on the destruction of orchids.

"Among the by-products of the forests may be classed orchids; they are of infinite varieties, and owing to their being ruthlessly and indiscriminately taken, a licence to collect orchids has been imposed, involving an annual payment of 100 dollars and a royalty of 20 cents. for every orchid exported."

The principal use of a book such as the present one is to inspire readers with a desire for further information. A rough map is provided, which fails to include the greater part of the territory now in dispute between British Guiana and Venezuela!

## *NOTES AND NEWS.*

MESSRS. LONGMANS & CO. announce as in preparation *Madagascar in War Time*; the experiences of a special correspondent with the Hovas during the French invasion of 1895, by Mr. E. F. Knight, with a map and numerous illustrations.

MR. JOHN MURRAY will publish immediately *With an Ambulance:* a Narrative of Personal Experiences during the Franco-German War. The author is Dr. Charles E. Ryan, who, as a young man of twenty, was attached to the Anglo-American Hospital, and was in the thick of the fighting at Sedan and afterwards at Orleans.

MR. SCOTT ELLIOT'S book, *A Naturalist in Mid Africa*, narrating his experiences as an explorer, will be published early next week by Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co. This was one of the works destroyed in the fire at Messrs. Unwins' two months ago, when practically ready for publication.

MR. JOHN MACQUEEN will publish at the end of next week *The Court of England under George IV.*, founded on a diary kept by a lady of the court, and interspersed with letters written by Queen Caroline and other distinguished persons.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL will publish immediately *Recollections of Paris*, in two volumes, by Captain the Hon. D. A. Bingham, author of "The Bastille."

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS announce *The Proverbial Philosophy of Confucius*, consisting of quotations from the Chinese classics for every day of the year, with a preface by Pom Kwang Soh, minister of justice to the King of Korea.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER & CO. will publish at the end of next week, as the sixth volume of their "Novel Series," *Persis Yorke*, by Sydney Christian.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & CO. have nearly ready for publication a new novel by Mrs. F. Harcourt Williamson, the author of "Vashti and Esther." It will be issued in one volume, under the title of *A Provincial Lady*, and deals with the introduction of this lady into Society.

MESSRS. DIGBY, LONG & CO. announce the following: *Stripped of the Tinsel*, by Mr. J. E. Muddock; *Juanita Carrington:* a sporting novel, by Mrs. Robert Jocelyn; *Sir Geoffrey de Skeffington:* a romance of the Crusades, by Mr. B. W. Ward; and *Roland Kyan*, an Irish story, by Mr. Walter Sweetman.

MRS. JANE MUIRHEAD has written a story for girls, entitled *Helen Murdoch;* or, Treasures of Darkness, dealing with missionary work in China. It will be published by Mr. Allenson.

YET another Burns volume is announced for publication, on January 25, under the title of *Burns at Galston and Ecclefechan*. It is written by Mr. John Muir, of Glasgow, and will have several illustrations.

THE evening discourse next Friday at the Royal Institution will be delivered by Mr. Sidney Lee, who has naturally taken for his subject "National Biography."

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN will deliver a lecture to-morrow (Sunday) at 7 p.m., at Essex Hall, Strand, on "Overmuch Righteousness."

AN extraordinary general meeting of the Incorporated Society of Authors will be held at 20, Hanover-square, on Monday next, at 4.30 p.m., to meet Mr. Hall Caine, who will give an account of the progress of the negotiations in connexion with Canadian Copyright and of the present position of the question.

AT the meeting of the Library Assistants' Association, to be held on Wednesday next, at the rooms of the Chemical Society, Burlington House, Mr. Cyril Davenport, of the British Museum, will deliver a lecture, with limelight illustrations, on "English Bookbindings." The chair will be taken by Dr. Richard Garnett.

IT has been decided to purchase for the Hampstead Public Libraries the library of the late Prof. Henry Morley, who lived long in Hampstead and accomplished much of his literary work in the parish. It is intended to keep the collection intact so far as possible, under the name of the Morley Memorial Library. As might be expected, it contains a fine selection of standard authors, both English and foreign, and is rich in first editions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It also includes a good Shakspere collection. It consists altogether of about 8000 volumes; and the valuation price is £806, towards which £100 has been contributed by subscription.

NEXT Wednesday, Messrs. Sotheby will be engaged in selling a small collection of Americana, which includes not a few rarities. For example, here will be found no less than four editions of the *Paesi Novamente Retrovati*, one of which has an autograph of a brother of Vespuccio inserted; a copy of Eliot's Indian Bible, with a few leaves unfortunately missing; many books and a few MSS. relating to the dialects of the aborigines; and early examples of the printing presses of Mexico, Lima, Guatemala, &c. We learn from the catalogue that the first book printed in Venezuela was *Decripcion Exacta de la Provincia de Benezuela*, by Joseph Luis de Cisneros (Valencia-Nueva, 1764).

PRESIDENT MONROE'S message of 1823, containing the statement of the "Monroe Doctrine," has been published in full among the Old South Leaflets, being No. 56 of this series of historical documents. The leaflet, like the rest, contains notes and references to the literature of the subject.

MESSRS. HURST & BLACKETT have issued this week a cheap edition of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, with the name of the author—for the first time, we believe—on the title-page. Considering the prodigious popularity of this novel, ever since its first appearance in 1857, it certainly seems surprising that it has hitherto not been obtainable at a lower price than 5*s*.

## *THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.*

THE February number of the *Century* promises to be of exceptional interest. It will contain the first of a series of articles by Capt. A. T. Mahan on Nelson's battles, dealing with Cape St. Vincent; a paper by Mr. H. M. Stanley, reviewing what has been done for the development of Africa during the past twenty-five years; three letters of James Russell Lowell, here printed for the first time; "Pope Leo XIII. and his Household," by Mr. F. Marion Crawford, illustrated with special photographs of the private apartments of the Vatican; and a critical estimate of M. Puvis de Chavannes, by Mr. Kenyon Cox, with reproductions of several of his pictures.

THE February number of the *Expository Times* (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark) will contain an appreciation of the work which Prof. Sanday is doing at Oxford, from the pen of Mr. Vernon Bartlet, of Mansfield College,

with a bibliography of his published works and a new portrait; the beginning of an archaeological commentary on Genesis, by Prof. Sayce; and the first of a series of articles on "The Theology of the Psalms," by Prof. W. T. Davison.

THE February number of *St. Nicholas* will contain the final instalment of R. L. Stevenson's "Letters to a Boy," giving further details of his home-life in Samoa.

THE *Antiquary* for February will contain an article on the "Lenanis, or Megalithic Temples of Tripoli," with plans and illustrations by Mr. H. S. Cowper; also "The Account Book of William Wray, a Seventeenth Century Tradesman at Ripon," edited by the Rev. J. T. Fowler.

THE February number of *Cassell's Magazine* will contain letters from Mr. H. M. Stanley, Sir Martin Conway, the president of the Royal Geographical Society, Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock, and Mr. Henry Coxwell, in answer to the question, "Can Nansen or Andrée reach the Pole?"

DEAN FARRAR contributes to the February number of the *Quiver* an Old Testament study, entitled "The Choice of Moses."

THE forthcoming number of the *Scottish Weekly* (Glasgow), edited by the Rev. Dr. Tulloch, will be specially devoted to Burns, and, in particular, will give the favourite quotations from his poems of many well-known personages.

MR. A. P. MARSDEN, of Clifford's Inn, announces the publication of the *Judicature Quarterly Review*, to be edited by Mr. John Pym Yeatman.

THE *Christian Treasury* will henceforth be published for the Sunday School Union by Mr. Andrew Melrose, of Pilgrim-street. The Rev. F. B. Meyer remains editor.

## *UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.*

AT a special meeting of Convocation of London University, held on Tuesday, the following resolution, which was recommended by the annual committee, was carried by the decisive majority of 466 votes to 240:

"That this house desires the early introduction into Parliament of a Bill for the reconstitution of the University similar to that introduced last year by Lord Playfair, but with an inserted clause securing to the Senate, to Convocation, and to other bodies affected the right of appeal to the Privy Council on any of the provisions which may hereafter be settled by the Statutory Commission."

THE grace founding a lectureship in English at Cambridge will come up for approval in the Senate on Thursday next. In the course of the discussion last Saturday, Prof. Skeat stated that he had recently received a further £100, raising the total endowment to nearly £1400; and that the Merchant Taylors' Company had promised two hundred guineas, to be paid when the lectureship was established.

LORD ACTON has been compelled by indisposition to postpone his first lecture at Cambridge until next Monday. The subject of his course this term is again "The French Revolution."

AT the annual meeting of the Cambridge Philological Society, held on Thursday of this week, the following paper was to be read by Prof. Skeat: "Why the *a* in 'Cambridge' is pronounced like the *a* in 'came,' with a Note on the Derivation of 'Cam' from the Name of the Town." At the same meeting a presentation was to be made to Prof. Cowell.

FROM the first annual report of the managers of the Hort Memorial Fund, we learn that the capital amounts to about £1000, and that during last year £46 was received from subscriptions and donations. Grants of money were made to the total amount of £55, to three students. Of these, Mr. H. St. J. Thackeray visited Rome last Easter for the purpose of assisting the editors of the "Larger Cambridge Septuagint" in the examination and collation of MSS.; Mr. H. S. Cronin has continued his collation of the great Coislin Octateuch, at Paris; and Mr. H. N. Bate (of Trinity College, Oxford) has collated afresh the Codex Claromontanus of the Latin Irenaeus, at Berlin.

IN connexion with the teachers' training syndicate at Cambridge, Mr. H. Courthope Bowen will begin next Wednesday a course of twelve lectures on "The History of Education."

THE governors of Manchester New College, Oxford, have accepted a gift of £5000 from Mr. Henry Tate, of London, to be devoted to "special and emphatic instruction" in the theory and practice of preaching. The donor says he has "long entertained an earnest conviction of the exceeding importance of this portion of the training of students for the ministry in Unitarian and other Free Churches."

THE late Miss Aytoun, of St. Andrews, the last surviving sister of Prof. W. E. Aytoun, has bequeathed the sum of £2500 to the University of Edinburgh to found an Aytoun scholarship in English literature.

PROF. RALEIGH is delivering a short course of lectures at University College on "The Progress of Legal Studies in England, Scotland, and France during the Eighteenth Century."

THE Joseph Hume scholarship of £60 at University College, London, open to all students of either sex who have attended for at least one session the lectures of the professor of political economy, has been awarded to Miss Rita Oldham, who recently graduated as M.A., with honours in political economy, at the Royal University of Ireland, and is now a teacher at one of the High Schools in suburban London.

## *ORIGINAL VERSE.*

### MOTTOES.

(*Inscribed to George Frederick Watts, R.A.*)

*Love and Life.*

Love is enow; life is not vain,
While hearts in woe of love are fain.

*Love and Death.*

Fair is life's light, while love has breath,
And fair as night life's sister, death.

*Cupid fishing.*

Love, the sea-born, is heavenly bright
From golden morn to azure night.

*Death crowning Innocence.*

Souls without sin, that early slept,
As flowers within God's book are kept.

*Hope.*

Hope's gate of horn turns doubt away
With dreams unborn till break of day.

*Sic transit.*

As treasure stored within a grave,
The Earth doth hoard her good and brave.

GEORGE C. W. WARR.

## *MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.*

THERE are two remarkable papers in the January number of the *Antiquary*. The one by Mr. A. W. Buckland, on "Necklaces in Relation to Prehistoric Commerce," is too much condensed; but notwithstanding this unavoidable defect it contains a mass of evidence which will be, at least in its present relations, new to almost every one. Beads, even more than coins, passed from place to place, and from continent to continent. They could be restrung and arranged in different forms as fashions changed or they fell into new hands. The passages relating to amber are noteworthy. Though there are disquisitions on this substance in many books of reference, English and foreign, we do not think all that is known regarding it has ever been gathered together in one place. Has the amber which is found occasionally on the eastern coast of this island been washed across from the Baltic, or do the drift-beds of our own coasts produce it? The men who sell curiosities at the Yorkshire watering-places profess to have no doubt of its being an English product. Mr. J. Lewis André's paper on "The Use of the Holy Scriptures in Faith-Healing and Superstition" treats with a curious section of folk-lore. As the writer shows, it is very old. We imagine, however that it was stimulated by the Reformation. Superstitions are not easily killed, but they readily transfer themselves from one object to another. In medieval times there were several other books which claimed extreme reverence. On the change of religion, it is probable that all the floating superstitions which had connected themselves with the service-books of the old Church became attached to the Bible. Mr. André alludes to the practice of saying the Lord's Prayer backwards. This was certainly done by schoolboys within the last fifty years. We do not suppose that this form of the black art has yet fallen into disuse, though now it is probably a profane jest rather than a serious endeavour to invoke the powers of evil. Dream books are casually mentioned. There is still a large sale for such rubbish. No form of folk-lore now existing has more evil consequences than the belief in the statements made in these noxious publications.

## *THE ACADÉMIE FRANÇAISE.*

Paris: Jan. 17, 1896.

M. JULES LEMAÎTRE'S reception speech in honour of his predecessor, Victor Duruy, may be considered one of the best of his series of "Portraits Contemporains." It was a clever, witty, highly finished piece of literary composition, read in a clear and harmonious voice, interrupted every now and again by a discreet murmur of applause from the delighted audience.

The task was not an easy one, for there was nothing very striking in Duruy's character. Of humble origin (he was the son of an artist-workman at the Gobelins), a hard-working, plodding man, he gradually made his way from a simple professorship to the highest position in the University.

"C'était," said M. Lemaître, "un professeur grave, excellent, sans gestes, un peu lent, fait pour la toge, et qui attachait autant par son sérieux même que par le don qu'il avait de voir et de peindre; profondément respectueux de sa tâche et qui n'ignorait point—je cite ses expressions—que 'l'esprit de l'enfant est un livre où le maître écrit des paroles dont plusieurs ne s'effaceront pas.'"

In 1862, while on a tour of inspection in the provinces, he was suddenly summoned to Paris by the Emperor and appointed Minister of Public Instruction. He saw Napoleon III., who simply said to him: "Ça ira bien." "Et ça alla très bien," added M. Lemaître, with a smile. Alluding to the new Minister's outspoken frankness in his relations with Napoleon III., he drew the following striking portrait of that sovereign:

"L'Empereur souffrait ces franchises et n'en

pensait—ou n'en songeait pas moins; car il me paraît avoir songé sa vie plus qu'il ne l'a vécue. L'épopée de son oncle, l'étrangeté merveilleuse de sa propre aventure, lui étaient une sorte d'opium, d'autant mieux qu'il avait été extraordinairement servi par les circonstances, qu'on avait beaucoup agi pour lui, et qu'il avait passé d'une extrémité de fortune à l'autre sans être proprement un homme d'action. Les yeux toujours à demi clos, il ruminait confusément l'affranchissement des nationalités, l'établissement d'une démocratie un peu socialiste et pourtant césarienne et, par là, l'achèvement de la Revolution française: grands desseins dont les moyens d'exécution se précisaient mal dans son imagination de doux fataliste qui, ébloui par un destin prodigieux dont il était l'heureux jouet et dont il se croyait le héros, comptait indolemment sur la vertu de son étoile. Il fut de ceux dont on peut dire qu'ils sont meilleurs qu'une partie de leurs actes, parce que ces actes furent rarement siens ou que rarement il y fut tout entier. Il vécut ainsi dans une brûme de rêve—qui, vers le fin, s'ensanglanta."

In the course of his speech M. Lemaître quoted passages from a letter addressed by Duruy to the Emperor on the education of women, in which he alludes to the opposition of the Clerical party to his Liberal ideas:

"'Nous ne devons pas oublier,'" quoted M. Lemaître, "'que les femmes sont mères deux fois, par l'enfantement et par l'éducation; songeons donc à organiser aussi l'éducation des filles, car une partie de nos embarras actuels provient de ce que nous avons laissé cette éducation aux mains de gens' . . . enfin, de gens qui n'avaient pas toute la confiance de M. Duruy."

Now in the printed form of the speech which is presented to a chosen few of the audience I found that M. Duruy's words were ". . . . de gens qui ne sont ni de leur temps ni de leur pays." The witty reticence of M. Lemaître was due, I suppose to a feeling of delicacy, a wish not to ruffle the feelings of the "reactionary" members of the Académie. The incident was very characteristic.

M. Lemaître drew an admirable portrait of M. Duruy as historian, reformer, and Minister of Public Instruction. With great eloquence he described how after his overthrow, through the intrigues of the Clerical party, he quietly resumed his historical labours, and after the fall of the Empire lived a retired life at Villeneuve-Saint-George, amid the respect of all.

"De telles figures," added M. Lemaître, "sont bonnes à regarder. Elles rappellent aux âmes inquiètes que, entre les croyances confessionnelles et le doute ou la négation, il reste à la conscience des réfuges; qu'il est toute une vénérable tradition de postulats moraux, sur qui l'on peut dire que, depuis les temps historiques, ont vécu tous les hommes de bien: car ceux mêmes d'entre eux qui n'y croyaient pas ont agi comme s'ils y croyaient, et ceux qui croyaient à quelque chose de plus croyaient donc à cela aussi. Le probe historien Victor Duruy fut un homme excellemment représentatif de cette tradition, qui fait tout le prix de la longue existence humaine. Il dit quelque part que les Grecs de la décadence 'manquaient de ces fermes assises si nécessaires pour porter honorablement la vie.' Ces assises séculaires, il les eut en lui, profondes; et vous savez si, en effet, il porta la vie honorablement."

M. Gréard's reply was not at all so grave as might have been expected. On the contrary, his discourse was familiar in tone and tempered with gentle irony as he described the various aspects of M. Lemaître's talent as poet, critic, paradoxical *chroniqueur*, and successful playwright. Much amusement was caused by the following passage, in which he referred to one of M. Lemaître's "Billets du matin" in the *Figaro*:

"Vous souvient-il du jour, où dans un billet du matin à votre petite cousine vous disiez en parlant de l'Académie: 'Cette boîte là!' Une boîte! Le mot doit vous sembler un peu vif aujourd'hui. Mais il y avait, dans ce billet des premiers jours de mai tant de verve printanière! Je lui pardonnerais bien d'autres, disait un jour, à propos de je ne sais quelle échappée, votre directeur d'Ecole Normale, Émile Bersot. C'est le caractère de vos moindres écrits que vous y apparaissez dans votre naturel. Tour à tour petillante d'esprit ou voilée par la réflexion, votre œuvre vous peint, et l'on peut s'y fier, pourvu que l'on vous prenne, comme vous vous donnez, dans la bonne foi de votre complexité—pourvu surtout qu'on sache jouir de ce que vous êtes aujourd'hui et attendre ce que vous serez demain."

M. Gréard concluded in the most flattering terms:

". . . Que ne sommes-nous pas en droit d'espérer de vous le jour où votre talent prendra dans le plein de l'humanité contemporaine la matière d'une œuvre qui la réconforte et l'élève? Vous avez l'esprit assoupli à toutes les idées, le cœur ouvert à tous les sentiments; vous avez la jeunesse, le don, le succès: rien ne vous manque pour répondre à notre attente. 'Je vous aimais assez pour vous aimez mieux,' dit à ses enfants le père de *L'Age difficile*. Laissez-moi emprunter le mot, Monsieur, en l'appropriant à la sincérité de nos sentiments: vous nous avez donné trop de sujet de vous admirer pour que nous ne souhaitions pas de vous admirer encore davantage."

CECIL NICHOLSON.

## *CORRESPONDENCE.*

### GUTENBERG—CORRIGENDA.

30, Collingham-place, S.W.: Jan. 3, 1896.

In a previous letter I mentioned the fact that the first undisputed evidence we have of Gutenberg's connexion with Strasburg is dated in 1442 (I ought to have said 1441), and is forthcoming in a document, numbered "8" by Mr. Hessels, which is mentioned as early as 1720 by Schellhorn in his *Amoenitates Literariae*. According to this document a knight named Luthold von Ramstein, and "Johannes, styled Gensefleisch, otherwise called Gutenberg of Mainz," both living at Strasburg, became sureties for a certain Johannes Karle, *armiger*, for 100 guilders, borrowed from the Chapter of St. Thomas at 5 per cent.

In a second document, marked "10" by Hessels, and dated November 17, 1442, "Johannes (styled Gensefleisch), otherwise Guttenberg of Mainz," and Martin Brechter, a citizen of Strasburg, obtained a loan of eighty guilders from the Chapter of St. Thomas at Strasburg, for which they pledge their salvation ("Seligkeit") and Gutenberg's inheritance from Johannes, a secular judge at Mainz, who was called Leheymer, and who is described as Gutenberg's *avunculus*.

Now *avunculus* means mother's brother, and can mean nothing else; and if so, it suggests a very considerable puzzle, since Gutenberg's mother is always referred to under the name of Gutenberg, and it can only mean either that she was a widow when she came across Gensefleisch, the father of Gutenberg the printer, or else she merely took the name of Gutenberg from the house in which she lived, her real name having been Leheymer. This last view is perhaps supported by the fact that she always calls herself Else *zu* Gutenberg, and not *von* Gutenberg, as did all the members of the older Gutenberg stock, which was now, so far as we know, extinct. We can, at all events, hardly doubt that her maiden name was Leheymer.

Gutenberg's uncle, the judge, is no doubt the same Leheymer before whom his mother appeared, in the suit to which I referred in a former letter.

Let us now turn to another and more famous document, about which a very great deal has been written—namely, the record of the lawsuit of 1455. It seems to me that every biographer of Gutenberg, and every historian of the origin of printing, has gone sadly wrong in regard to this document. They have treated it as if it were the judgment of the court, or in some way the final decision of the judges, while it seems to me to be nothing of the kind. It is, in fact, the record of what lawyers call an interlocutory proceeding: namely, the finding not by the judge, but by a notary of certain facts; and, far from concluding the lawsuit, it would seem, from an appeal made by Peter Schoeffer to a certain Gutenberg, judge at Mainz, at the beginning of the next century, that the lawsuit was then still unsettled. There is, so far as I know, no evidence whatever that Gutenberg was ruined by this lawsuit; no evidence that he returned to Fust the type and other materials which he had used.

This does away with a great deal of unnecessary rhetoric, in the course of which Fust has been very unfairly used; and it does away with some inferences regarding the early history of printing.

One more word by way of criticism. In a note to his work on the History of Printing, Fischer suggests as probable that—since Gutenberg is mentioned among those who had apparently been implicated in some political disturbance, and were absent from home in consequence, in 1430—he may have been born about 1397 or 1398. This is a mere guess of Fischer; but his mere conjecture is apparently adopted as a fact by Dr. Heffner in the *Archiv des Hist. Vereins von Unterfranken* (xiv. 1. 168, &c.), who speaks of Gutenberg as having actually been born in 1397.

For this I do not know of any evidence whatever. The first reference to him known to me is that in the document dated January 16, 1430, and printed at length in my last letter; the second reference is in a document dated, according to Dr. Hessels, March 28, 1430, describing the reconciliation effected between the town of Mainz and a number of expatriated citizens through the intervention of the Archbishop Conrad III. In this document Henchin zu Gudenberg is mentioned as "nit intendig," that is, as not being in Mainz. It has generally been argued that this means he was then living at Strasburg, for which there is no authority. It is more probable that he was living at Eltvil; for in 1434 we find him making some provision for his brother Friele, who was then living at Eltvil.

The next documents, which I hold to be genuine, are those above referred to, and dated respectively in 1441 and 1442.

I should like in another letter to point out how these facts affect the story of the origin of printing as generally told.

HENRY H. HOWORTH.

### THE SIN-EATER IN WALES.

Highgarth, Gloucester: Jan. 18, 1896.

One difficulty in arguing with Mr. J. P. Owen arises from the fact that he declines to stick to the point at issue: nay, after being expressly told, he still seems to be unaware what the point is. Let me tell him once more. The question is, whether sin-eating was in effect a Welsh funeral practice. I have shown that the evidence does not rest only on Aubrey's authority, but that customs apparently identical are described by other writers in English and Welsh. And I repeat that Mr. Owen has not seriously attempted to controvert my position. Instead, he wanders away to wedding customs, to the Brig o' Dread, to St. Elian's Well, to pennillion-singing, and to fifty other irrelevant matters. He is so full of throwing "a few sidelights" that he forgets to focus them on the object, and leaves us to grope our way as best we can to his meaning. And then he takes credit that he has "not thrust his own

prejudices and prepossessions into this controversy."

What he appears to mean is that the practices (which he admits took place) were "relics of Popery"— in other words, that they were Christian, and not heathen practices. What then? Does he attempt to distinguish them from the practice, with which we set out, described by Aubrey? Not at all. He contents himself with surmises as to how Mr. Moggridge came by his information, complaints that I have ignored Christian rites, and "simple astonishment"—poor fellow!—at finding the custom in North Wales "described as that of sin-eating shorn of the ritual words." When I try to recall him to the question, he gives a long and interesting quotation from "The State, Civil and Ecclesiastical, of the County of Lancaster, about the year 1590," and says: "It would be insulting the intelligence and abusing the patience of the readers of the ACADEMY to lay before them any more evidence of that kind." I agree all the more heartily because he gives us no hint how the evidence applies to Wales.

In answer to Mr. Owen's complaint that I had broken off a quotation from Robert Jones at a certain point, I adduced in my last letter reasons to show that the subject of the *Diodles* ended where I ended my quotation. All he replies is: "Dogmatism as to the *Diodles* having nothing to do with the *clul coffa* is surely premature." Surely it is—but then neither Robert Jones nor I had referred to the *clul coffa*, or memorial knell, which is dragged in by Mr. Owen himself from the *Goleuad Cymru*, for what purpose he has yet to show.

Mr. Owen accuses me of omitting a portion of M. Jorevin's account of a funeral at Shrewsbury. I quoted all that was given by Brand and Ellis; for, unfortunately, I had no more access to the original than Mr. Owen himself. But what difference to the argument the rest of the sentence, as he now gives it, would make, he carefully avoids informing us. He seems to think the blessed word "portentous" settles everything—as well it may where "simple astonishment" is reckoned a valid argument.

Lastly, in wandering round the subject, he comes upon my reference to Strabo, and complains that in *The Legend of Perseus* I have misinterpreted the geographer's expressions. This is an excellent sample of Mr. Owen's "red herring" style of controversy. It may be a very heinous crime to misinterpret Strabo, and I may or may not have been guilty of it. I could easily defend myself if it were necessary to do so here. But my reference to Strabo in the columns of the ACADEMY was a purely incidental one; and I am not going to gratify my friend by running away from the historical question of the prevalence of sin-eating, and practices identical therewith, in Wales and the Marches to a discussion of cannibalism at large, or even of Irish cannibalism. To discuss these subjects with such a disputant as Mr. Owen would be very entertaining; but it would occupy the rest of my natural life.

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

## "FRIAR," "BRIAR," "CHOIR."

Burleigh House, Sydenham Hill: Jan. 13, 1896.

It is well known that these words are considered to be irregular, all of them in pronunciation, and the first two, at any rate, in form. Prof. Skeat, in his *Principles of English Etymology* (second series, p. 94), says:

"Lastly, I have to mention A.F. and M.E. *freve*, which should have become *freer*, but has actually been developed into *friar*, just as A.S. *brér*, M.E. *brere*, is now *briar*, and M.E. *quer*, *quere*, is now *quire*, though spelt *choir*."

Now, it has occurred to me that this form, *friar*, may have been introduced into England from the South-West of France. At first sight, no doubt, this would seem to be impossible; and once already I have been twitted by Mr. Mayhew for broaching (as he supposed) a similar notion in the ACADEMY. But it should be borne in mind that at one period of our history we were constantly making expeditions and incursions into the West and South-West of France, over parts of which, indeed, we have held sovereignty; so that many Anglo-Normans and English (and also Normans) must at times have sojourned there for years, and must not only have left traces there of their sojourn (see P.S.), but must also have brought home such traces with them. And, if so, is it so very unreasonable to suppose that the pronunciation, and consequently the spelling, of certain English words borrowed from French may have become affected thereby, and have acquired a certain resemblance to Provençal words? Now, even at the present time, the Provençal equivalent of the French *frère* is *fraire* (see Mistral), and the *ai* in this is pronounced as we pronounce *ai* in Greek. This I know to be a fact, for last spring and summer I spent three months at Nice, and during my stay I took lessons in the Niçois dialect * and had frequent opportunities for hearing *paire*, *maire*, *fraire* (= père, mère, frère) pronounced by a native. The *ai* is, of course, a little broader than the *i* of *friar* as pronounced by educated Englishmen: still the difference is not very great.

But *briar* and *choir* cannot be explained in this way, unless, indeed, they came into use subsequently to *friar*, and had their pronunciation, and in the case of *briar* the spelling, modified in accordance with *friar*. With regard to *briar*, however, as within the last thirty or forty years, the French *bruyère* has been turned into *briar* (in *briar*-root pipes)—although there is not the slightest connexion in meaning (see *N. & Q.*, fourth series, xii. 445, where it was first recorded)—it is certainly possible that the M.E. *brere* may have become *brier* and *briar* through confusion with the M.F. forms of *bruyère*—viz., *bruière* and especially *brière* (Littré and Godefroy).

As for *choir*, if not imitated from *friar*, there is, perhaps, sufficient resemblance between its M.E. forms—viz., *quer* and *quere*, and the M.E. forms of *quire* (= 24 sheets of paper)—namely, *quaier* (Skeat, *op. cit.* 113) and *quaer* (Stratmann), and the M.E. forms of *choir*—namely, *quer* and *quere*—to have rendered confusion possible.

F. CHANCE.

P.S.—I have spent several months at different times in the French town of Angoulême, which was at one time in the possession of the English, and I noticed there and in the neighbourhood four things which reminded me of their occupation. (1) An unusual proportion of light-haired, light-complexioned people, especially children, which was the more remarkable as the inhabitants generally are quite as dark as much farther south. (2) The parcelling out of the land into small fields with hedges, and with trees growing in the fields, and sometimes in the hedges, as in England. This is certainly very unusual in France. (3) The milk-pails suspended from a kind of yoke worn round the neck, precisely as in England. A Parisian lady told me she had never seen it elsewhere in France. (4) In the chief hotel at Angoulême I found the counterpanes on the beds made of that white material with minute cotton tufts (I do not know the technical name) which used to be so common in England, and is still often seen, but which I had never before seen in France. I do not say, of course, that 2, 3, and 4 were all or wholly borrowed from England, or that we borrowed them from that part of France: still it seems probable that some interchange took place. Mr. Parker, in his *Introduction to Gothic Architecture* (fourth edition, p. 218), is of opinion that our possessions on that side of France exercised "great influence upon art in England"; and if upon art, why not also upon other things, including that part of our language borrowed from France? There is also a certain resemblance in form between the patois of Normandy and Provençal which must strike everybody who pays any attention to the two dialects, and has attracted the attention of certain French writers. And, though it never seems to have occurred to these writers that Normans and Provençals were ever brought into contact, yet I think it ought to be borne in mind that such contact must have taken place, as English armies, when warring in France, certainly took with them Norman contingents.

* The Niçois dialect is a relatively pure variety of Provençal.

## *APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.*

SUNDAY, Jan. 26, 11.15 a.m. South Place Ethical Society: "The Relation of the Christian Ethics to the Conduct of Art," by Dr. Karl Lentzner.
4 p.m. Sunday Lecture: "Lungs and Air," by Dr. Andrew Wilson.
4 p.m. South Place Institute: "Western Australia," by Sir W. C. F. Robinson.
7 p.m. Ethical: "Overmuch Righteousness," by Mr. Leslie Stephen.

MONDAY, Jan. 27, 4.30 p.m. Authors' Society: "Canadian Copyright," by Mr. Hall Caine.
5 p.m. London Institution: "The Decoration of St. Paul's," by Prof. W. B. Richmond.
8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Romanesque Architecture," I., by Prof. G. Aitchison.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Alternate Current Transformers," II., by Dr. J. A. Fleming.
8.30 p.m. Geographical: "The First Crossing of the Southern Alps of New Zealand," by Mr. E. A. Fitzgerald.

TUESDAY, Jan. 28, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The External Covering of Plants and Animals," III., by Prof. C. Stewart.
4.30 p.m. Colonial Institute: "Malta and the Maltese Race," by the Rev. W. K. R. Bedford.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "Recent Developments in Gas Engines," by Mr. Dugald Clerk.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Stamboul: Old and New," by Mr. Richard Davey.
8 p.m. Toynbee Library Readers: "Some Famous Botanists and their Books," by Miss K. M. Hall.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 29, 8 p.m. Library Assistants' Association: "English Bookbindings," by Mr. Cyril Davenport.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Standards of Light," by Mr. W. J. Dibdin.

THURSDAY, Jan. 30, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Dante," III., by Mr. P. H. Wicksteed.
6 p.m. London Institution: "Mosaics, Ancient and Modern," by Mr. H. J. Powell.
8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Romanesque Architecture," II., by Prof. G. Aitchison.
8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, Jan. 31, 8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting, "Ironfounding in Green Sand," and "Malleable Cast Iron," by Mr. F. A. Lart.
8.30 p.m. Viking Club: "The Saga," by Dr. Jon Stefansson.
9 p.m. Royal Institution: "National Biography," by Mr. Sidney Lee.

SATURDAY, Feb. 1, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Realism and Idealism in Musical Art," I., by Prof. Hubert Parry.

## SCIENCE.

### THE GLAGOLITIC ALPHABET.

*Ist die Aehnlichkeit des glagolitischen mit dem grusinischen Alphabet Zufall?* Von Dr. R. Abicht. (Leipzig: Gerhard.)

THE Glagolitic was the ancient liturgical alphabet used by the Croatians, Illyrians, and other Western Slavs who acknowledged the Roman obedience, and have now, in consequence, adopted the Roman alphabet; whereas the other Slavonic alphabet, commonly called the Cyrillic, was the script of the Bulgarians, Servians, Wallachians, and those Eastern Slavs who adhered to the orthodox communion. The modern Russian alphabet is a slightly modified form of the Cyrillic. The two scripts were closely allied, several letters

being common to both, while in both alphabets the names of the letters were identical.

As to the origin of the Cyrillic alphabet there is no difficulty. Of the thirty-eight original letters, twenty-four are identical with the ninth-century Greek uncials, others are variants or ligatures derived from these uncials, while half a dozen are uncouth forms borrowed from the mysterious Glagolitic alphabet, whose source has been the subject of prolonged discussion. It was believed by Jacob Grimm and others to have been derived from certain hypothetical "Slavonic runes," of whose existence there is no proof. In a paper, *Ueber den Ursprung des glagolitischen Alphabets*, published in 1880, the present writer put forward the theory, which has met with wide acceptance, that the two Slavonic alphabets merely represent the two current forms of Byzantine writing, the Cyrillic being the uncial book-hand, while the Glagolitic was derived from the Greek cursives and cursive ligatures of the seventh century, afterwards uncialised, so as to fit them for liturgical use. The two alphabets would thus bear much the same relation to each other as the English Court-hand did to the Book-hand used before the invention of printing.

Dr. Abicht now comes forward with a new theory, contending that the alphabet used by Cyril for his Slavonic translation of the Psalms and Gospels was not the so-called Cyrillic, but the Glagolitic, of which he was himself the inventor, basing his invention on an obscure and difficult alphabet, probably of Iranian origin, styled Grusinian by the Russians, and used by the Iberians or Georgians south of the Caucasus. Dr. Abicht admits that there is no reason to suppose that Cyril had any knowledge of Georgian speech; but he conjectures that in some way he may have come across the letters of their alphabet, out of which, by arbitrary modifications of all sorts, he produced an alphabet which in the West, where the Georgian script was unknown, might pass for a wholly new alphabet invented by himself. The resemblance between the Georgian and Glagolitic letters being slight, Dr. Abicht supposes that Cyril introduced unaccountable and needless alterations, turning some letters upside down, turning others on their sides, adding or discarding loops or hooks, and occasionally borrowing letters from the Hebrew. With such licence as Dr. Abicht allows himself, it would be possible to establish the derivation of almost any alphabet from almost any other.

Such arbitrary invention or modification of alphabetic symbols as Dr. Abicht's theory demands was constantly called into requisition in the pre-scientific stage of palaeography in order to explain difficult or anomalous forms; but the history of alphabets, if it teaches us anything, teaches us that new alphabetic forms are as certainly the result of evolution as are linguistic changes, or modifications in the forms of animals or plants.

More than thirty years ago, Ritschl laid down the law that scientific palaeography must rest on the assumption that alphabetic changes are never accidental or arbitrary, as was formerly believed, but are the result of evolution taking place in accordance with definite laws. Dr. Abicht's treatise, which exhibits considerable erudition and much wasted ingenuity, must therefore be pronounced to be fundamentally unscientific. It is more reasonable to believe that, as the Cyrillic script was evolved out of the uncial Byzantine Book-hand by an almost unconscious adaptation to the phonetic needs of Slavonic speech, so, in all probability, the earlier Glagolitic script was not a strange alphabet purloined from an obscure tribe in the Caucasus, but that it was evolved by natural processes out of another form of Byzantine writing, the ligatured cursive script of a somewhat earlier period. Cyril's reform was therefore merely the substitution of the legible uncial forms for the deformed and illegible cursive, a change much of the same kind as when our early printers rejected the uncouth black letter, and returned to the earlier Caroline minuscule, the so-called "Roman type," of which the black letter was merely a barbarous deformation. Dr. Abicht's contention is much the same as would be an attempt to derive black letter or German from the Square Hebrew, which it chiefly resembles in its ugliness.

Isaac Taylor.

## *CORRESPONDENCE.*

### FOUR PHOENICIAN INSCRIPTIONS FROM CYPRUS.

II.

Magdalen College, Oxford: Jan. 20, 1896.

The fourth inscription is the longest and most important. It is cut on a magnificent stele of Pentelic marble, perfectly preserved. Mr. Myres has presented it to the British Museum, where it is now to be seen in the Cyprus room (No. 31). The fortunate excavator has good reason to be proud of such a treasure. It was found in the same place as Nos. 1 and 2, in the necropolis of Kition, outside old Larnaka. I give a transliteration and rendering:

מצבת אז אש ימנא ארש רב סרסרם לאבי לפרסי
רב סרסרם בן ארש רב סרסרם בן מנחם רב סרסרם
בן משל רב סרסרם בן פרסי רב סרסרם ולאמי
לשמזבל בת בעלרם בן מלכיתן בן עזר רב חז
ענם על משכב נחתנם לעלם

"This is the pillar which Arish, chief of the Stewards (?), erected to his father, to Parsi, chief of the Stewards (?), son of Arish, chief of the Stewards (?), son of Menahem, chief of the Stewards (?), son of Mashal, chief of the Stewards (?), son of Parsi, chief of the Stewards (?); and to his mother, to Shemzabal, daughter of Baal-ram, son of Milkjathan, son of 'Azar, chief of the Treasurers, over the bed of their rest for ever."

Some of the proper names occur elsewhere on the Phoenician inscriptions. *Arish* is a common name, *C. I. S.* 132, 4. 193, 1-2. 196, 3, &c.; *Menahem*, *C. I. S.* 87, 3. 103 b, &c.; *Mashal* occurs in the compound name *Melqarth-Mashal*, *Carth.* 130, 4-5; *Baal-ram*, *C. I. S.* 88, 2. 89, 2, 90, 1; *Milk-jathan* occurs frequently as the name of a king of Citium and Idalion; *'Azar* is also found, *Carth.* 27, 5-6. 26, 2. 3-4; the rest of the names are not met with on other inscriptions, so far as I know. The expression על משכב נחתנם "upon their bed of rest," may be exactly paralleled by *C. I. S.* 46, 2. But the chief interest of this inscription lies in the two phrases רב סרסרם and רב חזענם. As regards the meaning of the first, we may be assisted by the use of the word *sursûr* in Arabic="intelligent, skilful, one who manages a property well." This is probably not a pure Arabic word; Fraenkel (*Aram. Fremdwörter in Arab.*, p. 186) conjectures that it is a loan-word from the Aramaic סרסור, and quotes in illustration *Pesiqta*, ed. Buber, fol. 45ᵃ. 3. From the Arabic usage we may suppose that רב סרסרם means "chief of the stewards or commissioners," public officers who administered the property of the state or of the temple. In Rabbinic Hebrew סַרְסוֹר is frequently found in the sense of "mediator" (see Levy, *s.v.*); but the Arabic usage seems to be most suggestive.

The meaning of the other expression, רב חזענם, can be determined with greater probability. In Arabic the root *hazana* means "to lay up, to store, to guard"; the noun formed from it, *hâzinun*, is used of "one who guards property"; in the Quran, 39, 73 the plural is used for the keepers or guardians of Paradise. It seems, therefore, likely enough that this may be the explanation of the word on the inscription: "chief of the treasurers," or custodians of public property.

The form חזענם, which, after repeated examination of the stone, I feel convinced is the true reading, exhibits a noticeable feature. The redundant ע is here a vowel-letter and represents long *ā*. This is a usage not uncommon in the Neo-Punic inscriptions—*e.g.*, נעדר for נדר *Carth.* 186, 2. 358, 3. נדרע *C. I. S.* 207, 3. 232, 3. פען=פן *C. I. S.* 188, 1 (*cf.* Schröder, *Die Phön. Sprache*, p. 91f.). But all these examples are from late Carthaginian inscriptions from North Africa; it is certainly curious to find ע used as a vowel-letter on a Cyprian inscription which may be dated about 250 B.C. We must suppose that it is an isolated example, and wait for further discoveries.

G. A. Cooke.

### A CONJECTURE IN PROPERTIUS 3.17.33.

Trinity College, Dublin: Jan. 19, 1896.

"Mollia Dircaeae pulsabunt tympana Thebae."

It is strange how the tight-stretched tambourine can be called *molle*: to translate "effeminate" jars with the context. I am pretty confident that Propertius wrote *Tmolia*. Mount Tmolus was the source of the Bacchic worship, and apparently the place where the tympanum was invented. Eur. *Bacch.* 154: *Τμώλου χρυσορρόου χλιδᾷ μέλπετε τὸν Διόνυσον βαρυβρόμων ὑπὸ τυμπάνων.* Add *Bacch.* 55, 65, 462. *Tmolius* occurs in both Virgil and Ovid. Anyone familiar with the habit of omitting one of two similar consonants, so characteristic of the MS. N, will not wonder at *Tmolia* being taken to be *molia*, and corrected to *mollia*. Perhaps some of your readers can inform me whether this emendation has been anticipated?

Arthur Palmer.

P.S.—*Tmolius* in *Georg.* 2.98 is corrupted in several MSS. to *Mollius* and *Molius*.

## *SCIENCE NOTES.*

The appointment of scientific adviser to the Trinity House, which has been in abeyance since the resignation of Tyndall, and which was formerly held by Faraday, has been revived, and has been accepted by Lord Rayleigh.

The council of the Geological Society have made the following awards: the Wollaston medal to Prof. E. Suess; the Murchison medal to Mr.

T. Mellard Reade; the Lyell medal to Mr. A. Smith Woodward; the proceeds of the Wollaston fund and part of the Barlow-Jameson fund to Mr. Alfred Harker; the proceeds of the Murchison fund to Mr. Philip Lake: the proceeds of the Lyell fund to Dr. W. F. Hume and Mr. W. C. Andrews; the proceeds of the Barlow-Jameson fund to Mr. Joseph Wright and Mr. John Storrie.

THE Sunday lecture to-morrow at St. George's Hall, Langham-place, will be delivered by Dr. Andrew Wilson, on "Lungs and Air: a Discourse on Public and Personal Health," with oxy-hydrogen lantern illustrations.

A COMMITTEE has been formed at Bristol to collect subscriptions for the purchase of the Jenner relics got together by Mr. F. Mockler, in order that they may be presented to the faculty of medicine of University College, Bristol. These relics, which were described in the ACADEMY on the occasion of their exhibition at Bristol in 1893, include portraits, MSS., printed books, and objects of personal interest, such as the chair in which Jenner died. For the most part, they have been handed down as heirlooms through members of the family. Subscriptions are received at the Old Bank, Bristol.

M. MARCEL BERTRAND, son of M. Joseph Bertrand, has been elected a member of the Académie des Sciènces, in the place of M. Pasteur.

## *REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.*

PHILOLOGICAL.—(*Friday, Jan.* 10.)

PROF. A. S. NAPIER in the chair.—Mr. Henry Bradley, joint editor of the society's New English Dictionary, made his yearly report on his progress in the *F* words. Last January copy to *fla* had gone to press, now *foliated* had been sent; 128 pages have been printed in the year, the last proof begins with *fogger*. All proofs have been read by Drs. Fitzedward, Hall, and Fowler, Mr. H. H. Gibbs (Lord Aldenham), and Mr. W. H. Stevenson. Other helpers are named in the printed parts. The *F* words vary much, from modern scientific terms to some of the oldest English and Romanic words, besides several onomatopoeic formations of arbitrary coinage. Initial *fl* has attracted makers of imitative and contemptuous words—*flip, flap, flop; flish, flash, flush; flick, flack, fluck; flim-flam; flip-flap*, &c., Of special words, *foist* has not the nauseous origin sometimes attributed to it, but is perhaps analogous to the dialectal German *fäusten*, "to get into one's fist." It was first used in the treatise on Dice Play of 1532, and meant the holding in hand of a false die to introduce at any point of the game; the false die was "foisted" in; all the known senses flow from this, and are parallel to those of *cog*, though *cog* means also to "take in by flattery." *Fogger* in "pettifogger of the law" (*circa.* 1550), and in trade a huckster, pedlar, middleman, is probably from the Fuggers, the great merchants of Augsburg in the fifteenth-sixteenth century. The word has passed into many languages, and was referred by Diez to this source. To *fog*, "to cheat, swindle," is a back-formation from *fogger*, as *fog*, "mist," is from the older *foggy*, applied to (1) land covered with *fog*, coarse grass or moss, (2) soft, spongy, puffy flesh, (3) stout, fleshy persons. "Fat air" in Shakspere, *pinguis aer*, is thick, dark air, murky, unwholesome sky. Mr. Bradley dealt also with *flamfew, firkin, firm, flimsy* (perhaps from *film*), *flatter, flicker, flippant* (1. nimble of wing or foot; 2 voluble of tongue; 3. saucy, conceited), *flow, flibbertigibbet, flare*, and the ghost-word *fleingall*, a kestrel (said to come from "fly in gale"), which is Topsell's misprint for German *steingall*, the name of the bird.—A vote of thanks to Mr. Bradley for his services to the Dictionary was passed unanimously; and for *disyllable* and *disyllabic* in the Dictionary, the meeting recommended that only one *s* in each word should be used.—Notice was given that Mr. Gollancz's paper on February 7 would be on "The Song of Wade."

METEOROLOGICAL.—(*Annual Meeting, Wednesday, Jan.* 15.)

R. INWARDS, Esq., president, in the chair.—The report of the council showed that the society was in a satisfactory condition, thirty-four new fellows having been elected during the year.—Mr. Inwards devoted his presidential address to the subject of "Meteorological Observatories," which he illustrated with numerous lantern slides. After describing some ancient observatories, including the Nilometers, and the Tower of the Winds at Athens, he gave an account of national observatories, of which the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, was taken as a type. High level observatories were next described, of which that on Mont Blanc was taken as a type. Special reference was also made to the observatory on the Sonnblick, the high level observatory at Arequipa, in the Andes, and that on Ben Nevis. An account was next given of tower observatories, together with some of the results obtained from the Eifel Tower at Paris. Mr. Inwards, in concluding, said: "One can figure to oneself a tower piercing the air from any of the elevated table-lands of this country, Salisbury Plain, the Stray at Harrogate, or the downs between Guildford and Dorking, and from which the most interesting results could not fail to accrue. It is the opinion of M. Vallott, no mean authority, that a high tower is for air-observing purposes equivalent to a mountain station of ten times the altitude; and this is plain when one considers that any mountain must act as an obstacle which thrusts upward the strata of the atmosphere into a form almost like its own, so that some of the effects are very little different from those observed below, while a tower like the Eifel Tower thrusts itself in the air without obstructing its movements. It is the boast of the Royal Meteorological Society that it is gradually covering the country with a network of private observing stations, and is collecting together, for the enlightenment of all future time, a mass of accurate knowledge on the subject of the changes in our atmosphere, its varying moods, its beating pulses, its calms and its convulsions, so that when the philosopher is born who is destined to unravel all its mysteries he will have the tools and instruments ready to his hand."—Mr. E. Mawley was elected president for the ensuing year.

HISTORICAL.—(*Thursday, Jan.* 16.)

SIR M. E. GRANT DUFF, president, in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. S. H D. Holton on "Richard the Redeless," being an estimate of the character of Richard II., and a review of the causes of his deposition derived from original sources of information. Mr. H. E. Malden and Mr. Hubert Hall took part in the discussion.—Mr. Holton's paper was ordered to be printed in the next volume of the society's *Transactions*.

# FINE ART.

## *OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.*

### II.

THE few old Netherlandish and German works in Gallery No. IV. are of high quality, and in this respect present an agreeable contrast to their Italian neighbours. Of peculiar interest is the large panel "Our Lord bidding Farewell to His Mother" (National Gallery of Ireland), ascribed to Hugo Van der Goes. The subject is one very rare in Northern art, and not common, indeed, even among the Italian painters. We know as yet too little of the manner and the works of Van der Goes, one of the greatest masters produced by the Netherlands in the fifteenth century, to pronounce definitively for or against this attribution, which is a possible but not exactly a convincing one. With the style of the great altar-piece "The Adoration of the Shepherds," in the Gallery of the Santa Maria Nuova Hospital at Florence, that of the "Christ," now at the Academy, does not show a similarity amounting to identity. The latter is a singularly personal and pathetic conception due to a Netherlander of the fifteenth century, in its last quarter, who is strong enough to stand by himself, but may possibly be Van der Goes in another phase of his practice. There has been some acquiescence in ascribing to the same master the magnificent "St. Victor and Donor," in the Glasgow Corporation Gallery; but here again we are on uncertain ground. Perhaps the work of all others which shows the most real affinity to the Portinari altar-piece at Florence is that one of the famous Netherlandish panels, originally in the Church of the Holy Trinity at Edinburgh, afterwards at Hampton Court, and now at Holyrood, which shows Sir Edward Boucle, Provost of Trinity College, Edinburgh, kneeling in prayer, with St. Cecilia playing on an organ in the background.

Another fine specimen of fifteenth-century art is the "St. John with the Lamb" (Mr. Percy Macquoid) ascribed to Patinir. Fresh, bright, and clear is the green prospect, and charming in its sincerity the adult figure of St. John which it enframes. Neither the type of the figure nor the brushwork of the landscape is that which we associate with the name of Patinir. The hand is not unfamiliar, yet it cannot at present be coupled with a name. Something in the style and chord of colour recalls that curious picture in the Alte Pinakothek of Munich, "The Legend of the Hermits, St. Anthony and St. Paul"; but of this resemblance it would be unsafe to make too much. The brightly coloured little "Virgin and Child" (Mr. Charles Butler) is rightly placed in that group of sixteenth-century works to which we must still, by way of description, give the name of Jan Mostaert.

If the famous "Sir Thomas More" of Holbein (Mr. Edward Huth) is not absolutely his finest, it is certainly his most moving portrait. Though never coldly, he is often calmly objective, preferring to let his sitters reveal themselves without obvious aid from the painter. Here—as in the "Sir Bryan Tuke," of which original versions belong both to the Munich Gallery and to the Duke of Westminster—he allows the warmth of his sympathy and his interpretative power to come to the surface. It is not only because we know the tragic fate which overtook the Chancellor a few years later, that we see foreboding in the gentle yet fearless countenance. The tragedy is there already foreshadowed in startling fashion, yet without pose or affectation on the part of the sitter or the artist. Painted in 1527, during Holbein's first visit to England, like the "Archbishop Warham" of the Louvre, it shows a breadth and ease, a simple grandeur of conception, which the Bâle master did not always equal even in the masterpieces of his later years. It is curious to note how the SS collar is painted in flat gold shaded—his more usual manner—while in the ring on the finger the gold is rendered in the Netherlandish fashion, with yellow impasto. The "Sir Thomas More" was in the collection of Charles I., and would appear to have been then of slightly larger dimensions. This is confirmed by the fine copy from the brush of Rubens, which is No. 1609 in the Prado Gallery of Madrid. The latter is an inch or two higher than Mr. Huth's picture, and shows a little more than the half figure here visible. The "Portrait of a Young Man," formerly at Blenheim Palace as a Holbein, but now No. 633A at the Berlin Gallery as a Joos Van Cleve, was another work of the same class, which Rubens copied, or rather translated, in his free, vigorous fashion. His rendering of this bust-portrait by the elder master is No. 786 in the Alte Pinakothek of Munich.

The great full-length "Portrait of a Genoese Lady" (Duke of Abercorn) is one of the most sumptuous examples of Van Dyck's Italian

style to be found in England, though by no means one of the most interesting. The golden splendours of the colour recalls the young Antwerp master's Venetian predecessors; but he has hardly succeeded in giving a personal image of the pretty Genoese gentlewoman, who appears somewhat overwhelmed by her gorgeous apparel and surroundings. The charm which distinguishes Van Dyck's "Lady of the Balbi Family" at Dorchester House is here conspicuously wanting. The very curious "Virgin and Child, with St. Catherine" (Duke of Westminster), which belongs to the master's Italo-Flemish style, covered the period when he established himself again in Flanders, half metamorphosed by his frequentation of the Venetians, yet acknowledging once more the influence of Rubens. Generally Van Dyck contented himself with the effort to assimilate the qualities of his great Italian prototypes; here he stands forth actually an imitator, an eclectic. The blonde "St. Catherine" is a Venetian type of mundane beauty, such as Titian, Palma, the Bonifazi and Paris Bordone delighted to group with their "Holy Families." The composition, apart from this subsidiary figure, has, on the other hand, been borrowed from Correggio, whose Campori "Madonna and Child" in the Real Galleria Estense of Modena has been the model. The long neck and affectedly poised head of the Madonna have, moreover, a distinct flavour of another master of the same school, Parmegianino. It would be interesting to learn whether any drawing from the little picture of Allegri is to be found in Van Dyck's Italian Sketch-Book.

The Royal Academy seemingly makes it a rule, when there is an important special show going on hard by, to bring forward a certain number of pictures of the same class. Thus last year the great Gallery No. II. showed a good many Venetian canvases; and now we find here half a dozen Spanish pictures, which should be looked at in connexion with the extended series comprised in the Spanish Exhibition at the New Gallery. The "Portrait of an Infanta" (Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan) is the picture from the Lyne-Stephens collection, which was last summer at Christie's. We have here the Infanta Maria Theresa, who afterwards espoused her first cousin, Louis XIV. Though this full-length is by no means the most masterly or the most engaging of Velasquez's court portraits, it has special value as the only representative of its particular type. The flesh-painting is somewhat hard, and there is some queer drawing in the chair upon which the pet spaniel of the princess has curled itself up. The picture asserts itself chiefly in virtue of the vigour of its tonality, and the superb painting of the stiff, ugly, court costume. Another portrait of the princess, this time in her wedding garments, is to be found in the great tapestry designed by the French master, Le Brun, to commemorate the espousals. Here the Spanish royalties and courtiers look, by the side of the gay, be-ribboned French contingent, like inhabitants not only of another land but of another planet. If only Velasquez, who was present not as *pintor de cámara*, but as one of the court chamberlains, had been tempted to commemorate the scene from his own point of view! A youthful *Roi Soleil*, painted in all the bravery of his wedding garments by Don Diego, would have had an interest altogether unique. The "Don Balthasar Carlos" (Lady Wallace) is so transformed by the darkening of its surfaces, through discoloration of the varnish and, it may be, other causes, that it has acquired a kind of Rembrandtesque chiaroscuro. Enough is still visible, however, to prove that we are in the presence of an undoubted original throughout from the hand of the master. The head, which is the only portion of the canvas distinctly visible, is painted with an exquisite subtlety, with an unwonted charm. Nowhere else does the young prince, whose premature death was so great a misfortune for Spain, bear himself more royally than here, or with so simple a grace. Murillo is seen in his most virile and unaffected mood in the large canvas "Faith Triumphant" (Mr. Alexander Henderson), which looks much better here than it did in the Lyne-Stephens collection. The upturned faces of the male worshippers—all of them doubtless portraits—are especially fine. The pendant lunette, showing an "Immaculate Conception," is in the Long Gallery of the Louvre. There is much of Murillo's manner in the pathetic and characteristically Spanish "St. Sebastian" (Mr. W. H. Pollen); yet an examination of the picture does not leave behind the absolute conviction that he is himself answerable for it.

In discussing the group of French painters, whose works constitute one of the special features of the display, we almost unconsciously separate from them Claude Lorrain and Antoine Watteau—not only because the one springs from Lorraine and the other from French Flanders, but for the reason that, somehow or other, a longer and more complete intimacy with their works has brought them nearer to our hearts. The two great canvases, "The Sermon on the Mount" and "The Worship of the Golden Calf" (Duke of Westminster), are not exactly in the front rank in which we should place Lord Wantage's incomparable "Enchanted Castle," or the pictures at Bridgewater House and Longford Castle. The composition of the former piece is naïve to (and beyond) the verge of eccentricity, and both suffer much from the mechanical figures, by some collaborator, with which they are peopled. Still, the distances are of exquisite quality, and the state of preservation appears to be in both instances unusually satisfactory. To acquire, or, as the case may be, to strengthen, the conviction that Watteau is the one painter-poet of an age which revelled in sparkling elegance, but did not recognise true imagination when it presented itself in an unfamiliar form, we need not go much beyond these two well-known canvases of his, "A Ball under a Colonnade" and "Repast in the Wood," generously lent to the Academy by the trustees of Dulwich College. The former, better known as "Les Plaisirs du Bal," has suffered from darkening and disintegration, as only too many Watteaus have suffered. But who knows whether an added glamour has not been lent to this particular scene by the ravages of time, aggravated by the carelessness of the painter? Less important, less celebrated, but certainly not less exquisite in its way, is the "Repast in the Wood," the design of which recalls the much larger "Rendez-vous de Chasse" at Hertford House. The scene is here one of luminous twilight, in which the hues of the many-coloured satin costumes glow like jewels. If one must criticise, for fear of succumbing too unreservedly to Watteau's charm—a fascination in the true sense of the word—it may be pointed out that here, as in a good many other instances, he is seen using up in a new combination certain types first created independently in those life-sketches which were his chief delight. It is not when a Pater is next to a Watteau—as the "Pleasure-Barge" (Mr. A. de Rothschild) is to the "Plaisirs du Bal"—that one can feel kind to it; and this composition is too manifest an imitation by the dainty, empty pupil of the genial master to command respectful attention. He is to be preferred in those sparkling little pieces of which the silver-grey tonality constitutes his chief claim to originality; and it is only a very relative originality after all. For some reason or another Lancret is absent from the group of the eighteenth-century "small masters," though his pictures are not uncommon in England. Greuze, in his more bourgeois and less insincere mood, is well represented by the pretty little piece "A Vous," with some citizens of amiable aspect drinking toasts. We cannot leave to this master the capital portrait contributed by Lord Rosebery as that of Robespierre. The colour is warmer, the shadows are less grey, and the brush more openly displays its workings, than in his most characteristic works. Is the portrait really that of the Jacobin Dictator? At first one would be prepared to answer this question confidently in the affirmative; but some doubt arises when a comparison is made with the engraved portraits, which show certain differences in the construction of the brow and chin. Of Mme. Vigée Le Brun's peculiar, passionless elegance but a very imperfect idea can be formed from the so-called "Portrait of the Painter" (Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan), which can hardly represent the same self-conscious enchantress whom the pictures of the Louvre and the Uffizi have made so familiar to us. Of Prud'hon, whose manner has been perpetuated in our day by M. Henner, a painter who possesses his charm of execution without his inventiveness or variety, we have a not very interesting "Triomphe de Bonaparte," and an exquisite study of a naked boy, "Le Zéphyr." Jacques-Louis David is here only *pour la forme*; and the "Odalisque" of Ingres (Mr. Constantine Ionides), though better in colour than many things from the same hand, is not so admirable in drawing as should have been everything for which the uncompromising pontiff of design made himself responsible. It is a difficult task to defend the famous "Marino Faliero" of Delacroix from the critic who should undertake in cold blood to lay bare its many faults, voluntary and involuntary; and yet it must be defended. The composition, with its great vacant space in the centre, is disconcerting; the figure-drawing, almost as wilfully eccentric as in the "Faust" and "Hamlet" lithographs, repels those to whom the romantic art of the master is unfamiliar. And yet the subject is presented with an extraordinary passion and suggestiveness through the colour, and the colour alone. Delacroix is not only a splendid colourist, but, what is much more rare, a colourist of expression. His harmonies, whether they flame up in sinister splendour, or smoulder intentionally muted and depressed, are the very essence of his subject, as they are of his own turbulent soul. It is infinitely curious to find Rossetti, in the newly published "Letters," praising Ingres, Hippolyte Flandrin, Ary Scheffer, and Robert-Fleury—even finding something that is amiable and generous to say about the frigid Delaroche—yet unable to place himself in sympathy with an art which was genuinely romantic like his own, though it was certainly at the opposite pole of romanticism. "Delacroix," says our poet-painter "(except in two pictures, which show a kind of savage genius), is a perfect beast, though almost worshipped here" (Paris). Reading this, and remembering what Delacroix himself said about the "ambitious peasants" of Jean-François Millet, one finds some comfort in the thought that, after all, there *is* a little place on this earth for the art-critic.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

## *NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.*

MR. GEORGE AITCHISON, professor of architecture in the Royal Academy, will on Monday next begin a course of six lectures on "Romanesque Architecture."

ON Monday afternoon, at the London Institution, Prof. W. B. Richmond will deliver a lecture on "The Decoration of St. Paul's—how it came about."

AN exhibition of water-colour drawings by Mr. Charles Sainton, entitled "The Real and the Ideal," will open next week at the Fine Art Society's, in New Bond-street.

IN view of the Burns centenary, to be celebrated on the poet's birthday in the hundredth year after his death, a statuette will be published by J. and M. L. Tregaskis, of High Holborn. It has been modelled by Mr. Paul K. Montford, gold medallist of the Royal Academy. The figure is seventeen inches in height, and it may be obtained in either of two forms—in bronze or in terra-cotta. The number of copies is limited, and a guarantee is given that every one will pass through the hands of the sculptor himself.

MR. HENRY ROBERTSON has been elected an associate of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers.

MESSRS. SEELEY & CO. announce a re-issue of R. L. Stevenson's *Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh*, originally published in 1878, with an entirely new set of illustrations by Mr. T. Hamilton Crawford, of the Royal Scottish Water Colour Society. These illustrations will consist of eight copper plates, four of which are etchings, and more than fifty other engravings in tint and line. The book will be ready for issue in the course of February.

THE remaining portion of the *Queen's London* has been prepared in advance of the serial publication; and the complete volume, containing nearly 400 illustrations, will be published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. at the end of February.

THE series of illustrated papers on the monumental brasses of Nottinghamshire, which are appearing in *Notts and Derby Notes and Queries*, will be issued in book form shortly after completion. The writers are the Rev. H. Eardley Field and Mr. J. Potter Briscoe, the editor of the magazine.

WE hear that Dr. Lucio Mariani has written a paper on the Vases of Kamares—quite independently of that on the same subject by Mr. J. L. Myres—which will be published in the next issue of the *Monumenti Antichi* of the Accademia dei Lincei at Rome.

## THE STAGE.

### *THE "ANTIGONE" AT ATHENS.*

THE desire to present to the visitors who are expected to flock to Athens, for the forthcoming Olympian games, a representation of the old drama on its native soil has resulted in the selection of the "Antigone" of Sophocles. The actors are to be the students of the "Society for Teaching the Archaic Greek Drama." Takellaris will compose and arrange the music for the chorus, and the Odeion of Herodas—with the consent of M. Delianni, who represents the Government—will be the theatre.

Opposition and disunion as to the choice of play and site, and every other arrangement, is, however, not absent. The time is short, quite too short, for students altogether unprepared. The Odeion is objected to because it is the offspring of the Roman, not the Hellenic age: consequently a play acted there cannot give a true idea of the Greek drama in the time of Sophocles. The choice of the play as being the best fitted for the occasion is also called in question.

There are so many real difficulties that it is futile at the eleventh hour to raise more. Throughout all one cannot help feeling how much needed is the presence of an organiser like Dr. Gray, of Bradfield, among these dissentients upon ways and means; and one looks forward with some dread to the final result. Happily the discordant sounds of the English pronunciation of Greek, the only blemish upon the perfection of the Bradfield representations, will be absent; but that will not be an unmitigated advantage in the opinion of the foreign guests, to whom it is especially desired to show the Greek drama in the place of its birth.

ELIZABETH MAYHEW EDMONDS.

### *STAGE NOTES.*

ANOTHER stage veteran, who will long be honourably remembered, died not many days ago. This was Mrs. Stephens—"Grannie" Stephens she was called affectionately—and she died at her pleasant house in a remote South London suburb, at the ripe age of four-and-eighty. It is nine years, or thereabouts, since Mrs. Stephens retired from the stage; but to the last all her faculties were retained, and the charming old lady was wont to be present at notable performances that interested her. As a representative of elderly members of the smaller *bourgeoisie*, Mrs. Stephens was unequalled; those rôles were as entirely her own as the rôle of the *grande dame* was Mrs. Gaston Murray's, and is now Miss Rose Leclercq's. The central point of her career was reached, it is safe to say, in her performance of Mrs. Willoughby, May Edwards's landlady, in the "Ticket of Leave Man," about thirty years ago. Her walk was a study; and the pleasant demureness, not to say primness, of her countenance, and last century's accomplishment of "the nice conduct of a clouded cane" found its counterpart in Mrs. Stephens's nice conduct of a worsted shawl. Dropped a little upon one side, or raised about her shoulders in recognition of the importance of the words that had just fallen from her, that shawl spoke volumes. One wonders whether the young or middle-aged actresses of the present day are preparing for us in the future—those of us who shall live to see them as "first old women"—any such "first old woman" as Mrs. Stephens was during many years.

## MUSIC.

### *MR. H. MACCUNN'S "JEANIE DEANS," AT THE DALY THEATRE.*

To write a successful opera is the aim of most composers; the achievement of that aim, one of the most difficult. The chosing of a subject throws them, as it did Metastasio, into uncertainty. Were it not for compulsion, the old Italian librettist declared "that he should remain undecided until the day of judgment." Mr. MacCunn, a Scot by birth, selected for his first opera the story of Jeanie Deans, on which Scott based one of his most fascinating novels; and Mr. J. Bennett, a librettist of wide experience, prepared for him a book offering agreeable lyrics and effective situations. It cannot be said that he has succeeded in presenting a story making a strong appeal to the emotions. The charm of the novel consists in the wonderful portrayal of character, description of scenery, and variety of incident; but nearly all of these things have to be sacrificed in an opera libretto. George Staunton, already in the novel, is a mysterous lover; on the boards, an uninteresting one. The story, shorn of the novelist's magic style, borders at times on the melodramatic. The fact that Scott's novels are household books must, however, be taken into consideration; thus the audience can reconstruct in their minds the whole from the sketch presented to them.

In setting the book to music, the composer has shown considerable skill. By means of clever harmonies and picturesque orchestration, he often invests with a certain interest that which in itself is comparatively commonplace. And with one or two exceptions there is no straining after effect. The exceptions are the two songs sung by Effie in the Tolbooth prison. In the first she recalls the happy days of childhood; in the second, she imagines that she is nursing her babe. The accompaniments reflect not so much the sense of the words as the distraught state of mind of the unhappy girl; the composer's intention is excellent, yet it is carried out, especially in the second, to excess. Mr. MacCunn has devoted much attention to song-writing, and he seems more at home whenever he falls into the song or ballad form. Sir Henry Bishop once wrote an opera entitled "The Heart of Midlothian," and honestly kept within the bounds of ballad-opera. Our composer has aimed higher, and yet there are traces of the past in his music. It seems more like a ballad-opera revised and brought up to date, than a work conceived in the modern spirit. And, again, there are many passages in the orchestral accompaniments which sound as if they had been composed at the pianoforte: they lack life and sustaining power. This is all the more strange, seeing that Mr. MacCunn has given proofs in the past of his skill in handling an orchestra. In the dramatic portions of the opera one has often to take the will for the deed: there is shadow rather than substance. The two scenes in which the composer reaches the highest level both occur in the fourth act. One is the interview with the Queen in Richmond Park; the other, the "Madge" music. The choral element in the opera is of minor importance. There is a good deal of characteristic local colour in the music of Dumbiedykes and Madge Wildfire, and in this matter the composer shows knowledge and sympathy. One very good feature in the work is that the interest gradually rises. The third and fourth acts are far more attractive than the first and second; this, of course, partly results from the *dénouement* of the story itself. The scene in Richmond Park deserves high praise, though a little compression would prove greatly to its advantage. The fourth act, as we have said, contains fine moments; the actual close, however, is somewhat of an anti-climax.

Now for a few words about the first performance of the work in London on Wednesday afternoon by the Carl Rosa Company. Mlle. Marie Duma (Jeanie), Miss Alice Esty (Effie), Miss Meisslinger (Madge), and Miss Minnie Hunt (the Queen), also Mr. E. C. Hedmondt (Staunton), Mr. Alec Marsh (Davie), and Mr. L. Pringle (the Laird of Dumbiedykes) all deserve a word of commendation for their singing, and especially for their distinct enunciation. Mr. Hamish MacCunn conducted. The little work the chorus had to do was well done. The stage management was excellent.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

### *MUSIC NOTES.*

THE performance of the Queen's Hall Choral Society on Wednesday evening deserves warm praise. The programme included the first part of Haydn's "Seasons," Saint-Saëns' clever setting of the 19th Psalm, and Mendelssohn's ever popular "Hymn of Praise." The principal vocalists were Miss C. Samuel, and Messrs. Ben Davies, Ffrangcon-Davies, and William Goff. Mr. A. Randegger conducted. There seems every chance of a good and permanent choir in the heart of London.

ON Saturday next Prof. C. Hubert H. Parry, director of the Royal College of Music, will deliver the first of a course of three lectures, at the Royal Institution, on "Realism and Idealism in Musical Art," with musical illustrations.

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